Every Reader is entitled to a "JOHN BULL" PEN. *See Coupon page 15.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 570. | SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered as the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

50520

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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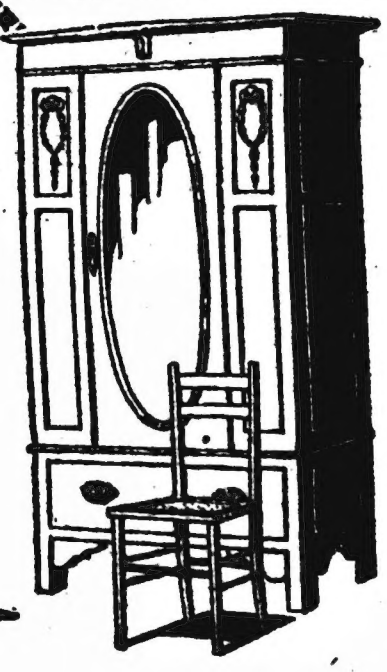

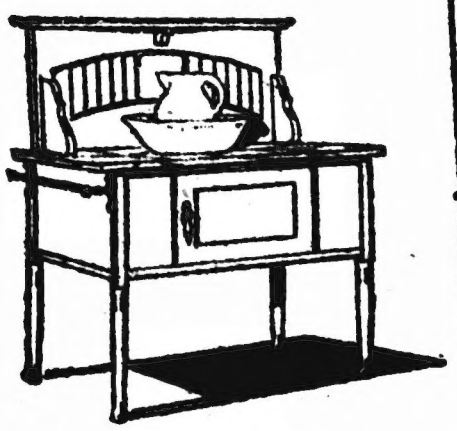

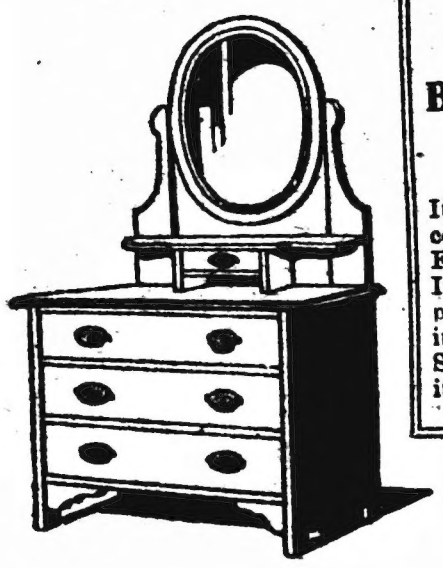

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 570. Week ending Saturday, May 5th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Bread Tickets.

We hope Lord Devonport will soon make up his mind. But if the tickets come, there should be a Society of Voluntary Bread Abstainers—people to whom bread is not a necessity—to distribute *their* tickets amongst the poor with large families.

Those Naval Raids.

We are glad to have the Premier's assurance that we *shall* master the submarine; but he didn't say anything about these nocturnal visits of Hun destroyers. Do our patrols knock off work at sunset? Have *we* no star-shells to illumine the sea at night? Or what's the matter with the coast defences?

The Rights of the Press.

Not only the newspaper world, but the public generally, will be interested in the result of the recent case before the Divisional Court—which dissolves considerable doubt previously existing as to the right of comment upon legal proceedings, pending an appeal. We are glad to have been the means of clearing the air.

Those Traitor Princes.

Once again we ask what is being done in this matter? Is the Chairman of the House of Lords Committee still too ill to attend to his duties? Or what is to be the next excuse? We are, indeed, a long-suffering people!

The Hub of the Universe.

We have found it at last. It is Fulham. Says the *Fulham Chronicle:* "Trash may go down with Bottomley's dupes, but it is futile in Fulham." How's the Bishop?

Mice and Men.

A North London reader recently discovered a copy of JOHN BULL with a portion of its leading article nibbled by a mouse. We have no doubt the little rodent foodhog in question—after stuffing himself with such exhilarating food—was the hero of that story of the intoxicated mouse, which coming out from the wainscote exclaimed—"Where's that —— cat?"

Sloppy Sentiment.

Three cheers for Lord Beresford for his dignified and timely protest against the Dover Vice-Admiral's nauseating flapdoodle about our "good fortune" in having been able to rescue over a hundred of the German sea murderers—who would have shot our men if they had seen *them* struggling in the water. They would have been concerned only to save their own Bacon.

Krupps' Shareholders.

Would you like to see a list of these? *We* should.

Von Bissing.

Von Bissing has now left Belgium for a hotter climate. What a warm greeting Zeppelin will be able to give him!

Saluting a Princess.

Somehow or other, we didn't like that picture, the other day, of Canadian soldiers saluting Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, as she was leaving the Forestry camp.

Neat!

This from the *Dublin Evening Telegraph:* "'The Man Who Is Beating the Kaiser' is the letterpress attached to a large photograph on the editorial page of the *Daily Mail.* But by some extraordinary mistake the photograph is one of Sir Douglas Haig, and not of Mr. Horatio Bottomley." One to our contemporary.

The "Boys" at the Front.

In a recent article we paid tribute to the clerks and artisans of the country, mentioning how, "at the first rumble of war, they flung down their pens and their tools." We are now asked, "What about the Eton, Harrow, and other schoolboys who downed their books and joined up?" Aye, indeed, what about them? Splendid boys!

A Word with Lord Cowdray.

Lord Cowdray is the head of the Eagle Oil Transport Company, the Anglo-American Petroleum Company, and the Mexican Eagle Oil Company. One produces the oil, another sells it, and the other transports it. In the face of the new Government Order *re* Enemy subjects being employed, is it right that the Eagle Company should have Germans and Austrians in their service? One of the principals in the Mexico is a German named Wynstein, now called Winston—and there are several others.

The Limit.

There is a German prisoners' camp "Somewhere in Hants," where the men are employed on the land. In this neighbourhood there is also a nest of Conscientious Objects; and a short time ago some of them were sent by the authorities to give the Huns a hand. The result was unexpected—the prisoners struck, refusing to work in company with such scum. We can seldom find a good word to say for the Hun, but, really, in this case he seems entitled to praise for the attitude he adopted. After all, he *had* fought for his country!

Insure yourself Free against Air Raids and Bombardments. See page iii. of Cover.

All They are Fit For.

A correspondent to a daily paper suggests that Conscientious Objects should be employed as dustmen. We think such a job far too clean for them. Why not put them in the sewers—with the other rats?

A German "Joke"?

According to statements made by prisoners taken in the recent fighting, the Hun soldiers were told that it would be the last great battle in which they could be called upon to take part. And so it proved, for many of them.

What does this Mean?

In reply to a question in the House, Captain Bathurst said he was informed that a certain large firm, after receiving a telegram from Denmark that considerable quantities of butter had just been shipped to them, telegraphed back to defer further consignments *until the demand becomes more brisk*. In other words, a plentiful supply would have lowered prices. In the meantime, possibly, these further consignments have been sent to Germany. And Danish butter is already 200s. a cwt.—a record price!

A Happy Ending.

In a recent issue, we referred to the case of a private in the Army Service Corps, who, for the unlawful slaughter of a pheasant, was punished by his C.O., and afterwards mulcted in 22s. costs by the Bourne Magistrates. From a corporal in the same regiment we now learn that a few days after the Police Court proceedings "the private received a letter, and enclosed found 22s. from the Magistrates of Bourne." So the little episode has had a happy ending; wherefore our compliments to the Bourne J.P.s.

Economise the Huns.

Lord Devonport tells us the "blunt truth" that if we do not economise our food supplies "we shall not get through the harvest except with severe privation and all that it involves." Meantime, according to statements made at Northampton Tribunal, Germhun prisoners in this country are being allowed 9 oz. of bread a day, "and last week," to quote a Leytonstone informant who writes to us under date April 24th, "eight tons of potatoes were sent into Alexandra Palace for the use of enemy prisoners." Why not commence practice on said Huns, just to see how much food economy they can really stand?

The Eccentrics.

We were present the other evening at the second Special House Dinner at the Eccentric Club, for the purpose of obtaining further funds for the Club's Hostels for limbless soldiers after treatment at St. Mary's Hospital, Roehampton Lane; when, under the persuasive auctioneering methods of Mr. Walter de Freece, a further £1,200 was obtained by the sale of various articles and a few voluntary subscriptions—the auction to be continued at a still further function to be held in a few weeks' time. This Club has now fairly established itself as the home of Bohemia in London, and is doing magnificent war work.

A Life History.

Thomas Reynolds was for 12 years in the R.H.A., gaining the rank of sergeant. Then for 29 years he worked on the estate of Lord Sackville. He was a "most respectable man." His wage was 17s. to 19s. weekly, with a cottage. In his old age he became unfit for work, and was discharged. After 29 years' labour, there was no pension, no gratuity—nothing but "the sack." Thomas Reynolds went to live with his daughter—became ill, moody, and depressed. At length, at the age of 62, he was found dead, having cut his throat. What a reward for a long life of labour and respectability! The tragedy of that fine old fellow's thoughts!

Joan of Arc Day.

Don't forget this—Tuesday, May 8th. It is for the benefit of theatrical artists and others thrown out of work by the war. And they have been *so* good through it all. Clara Butt is President of the function, so you know it's all right.

The Social Problem.

What a remarkable change has come over the public mind in regard to the scourge of venereal disease. The *Times*, even, now gives it its right name—whilst the remarkable play "Damaged Goods" is not only passed by the Censor, but is witnessed nightly by crowded audiences consisting largely of women. Verily, the war is working wonders.

A Lovely Lot.

Sir Frederick Banbury tells the story of six ploughmen whose names and addresses were sent to a Wiltshire farmer by the Board of Agriculture. When the farmer called to interview the men, he found one of them dead, whilst another could not walk on account of an ulcerated leg, a third was employed as a gravedigger, a fourth and fifth worked for a Corporation, and a sixth was missing. Hard cheese that; not a capable piano-tuner among the whole lot!

A Likely Hint.

An expert correspondent reminds us that some of Germany's most vulnerable points lie very near her Western frontier. For instance, before the war the bulk of the world's potash supplies—invaluable in the production of munitions—came from the district of Staasfurt which, as the aeroplane flies, is no great distance from the present line of battle. "An offensive in this direction," our informant suggests, "might capture the mines and thus absolutely paralyse the German munition works . . . Take the mines or, at any rate, continually bomb them and hinder operations." The matter is one for the consideration of the General Staff.

A Chucker-Out.

Another of our readers has not a high opinion about the Western Front. "Submarines," he says, "are being built at Zeebrugge and other places on the Belgian coast. Until we have driven the Huns from that coast the submarines will multiply like flies in summer. Why waste blood and treasure on the Somme and Ancre? Blow St. Quentin, Cambrai, and the rest of the neighbourhood, and chuck the Huns from the Belgian coast either by land or sea forces, or both!" We would gladly put this brilliant suggestion before the First Lord of the Admiralty, but we are confident he would tell us that at present, on account of circumstances over which he has no control, he deems himself unable to chuck—first, because of mines, and, second, because of shore batteries.

Farm Wages.

Farmers are now getting high prices for their product at the expense of the British public, and claiming a lot of official and unofficial sympathy in the process; and the least the Board of Agriculture ought to do is to see they paid their labourers decent wages. At Walton, near Bletchley, in N. Bucks, a highly-competent farm labourer with eight children applied to the local Guardians for relief for two of his sick children who had been ordered better food by the doctor. On inquiry it was found that the man's employer was paying him wages of—16s. a week. With exceptions, it has never been a characteristic of the British farmer to regard his labourers very much above his dogs, but a period in which he is stuffing his pockets as never before is not one in which such abominable sweating is to be tolerated.

How to earn £250 in your spare time. See page 20.

Necessary Men and Others.

A fishmonger and fruiterer in a town in Essex supplies customers on a round of 30 miles. There is nobody near carrying on a similar business; and he has to attend at Billingsgate and Covent Garden three times a week. He is turned 40 years of age. But he must go and join up, because he is told a woman could do his work. We do not believe it, but we do believe women could do the work of many young single men slinking out of sight.

Jaundiced Justices.

The Wisbech Justices might find fitter scope for their august authority than in laying an embargo upon the sale of concert tickets in the streets on behalf of wounded soldiers. At ordinary times the plea that street ticket-selling is a "nuisance" might have a certain weight—but these are no ordinary times, and the claim of the wounded is unanswerable. We have no doubt that, whenever such appeals are made, the response of the Wisbech public will be as generous as the attitude of their Magistrates is mean.

Huns Let Loose.

We cannot say to what extent employers of labour have availed themselves of the official permission to engage the services of Germhun prisoners of war, but we state candidly that we do not like the scheme at all. For one thing, we attach no value whatever to the "parole" of a Hun, and we are by no means satisfied that the safeguards provided are as stringent as the situation demands. In view of the notorious aptitude of the Germhuns for espionage and intrigue, their release from internment, except under adequate armed escort, is to be regarded with grave concern.

Badly Guarded.

Apropos, somewhere up north German prisoners are employed at a slag-tip, the work being the interesting one of removing the said slag. Everybody likes to see them working, but most people are alarmed at the lack of precaution against escape, for there are only a few armed guards standing here and there. On the other hand, the Huns have a clear view of Government factories and every opportunity of becoming familiar with the locality. A better guard is desirable, while munitioners, passing to and from work, are desired to cease giving the glad eye to the scum who would cheerfully murder them.

Circulars by Wholesale.

National Service seems to consist largely of depleting the paper supply by sending out hysterical circulars. In one village of Kent recipients were implored to assist in agriculture, among other lines, and persons addressed included farmers, elderly waggoners, an old cattle-feeder, aged 75, and another aged gentleman of 90 springs. These useless, unnecessary circulars have evidently been sent to addresses copied from a list of electors. Had addresses been taken from the National Register, the stated ages and occupations of the persons would have ruled them out.

Food or Flowers?

Once upon a time a big battle was fought at Hastings, and our worthy ancestors put all their brawn into it. The new Hastings is faced, like the rest of the country, by a worse enemy—Hunger. But the Cinque Port refuses to fight; not only will it take the trouble lying down, but it will grow flowers to welcome its coming. The Town Council has refused to grow food in any of its parks, or to utilise any of its vacant land for that purpose. The Head-Gardener has arranged for flowers as usual, and the Councillors think it would be a pity to upset his plans. It would be real joy to upset those Councillors.

A Rude Woman.

Y.M.C.A. workers are usually first-class people, but there is one "lady" attached to that body who deserves the application, from Headquarters, of the gentle push. Accosting a Canadian private, who was with his wife in the Strand, she asked him where he was going to spend the evening. Thinking she meant well, he explained that the lady was his wife. Instead of courteously withdrawing, she made remarks about women and the Strand, spoke of officers with "wives" who were not wives, advised the soldier's wife to pin "Married" on her back, and snorted, "Your wife!" The Y.M.C.A. would do well to dispense with the services of a creature so low-minded and so insulting.

The "Kill-Joy" Brand.

Mr. Waldie, of the Edinburgh Parish Council, appears to be one of those persons whose vision is limited by the length of their noses. "Every able-bodied man and woman found golfing at the present time should be taken by the scruff of the neck and made to do some work of national importance," he says. In that case, the same drastic treatment must be meted out to patrons of theatres, picture palaces, and all other forms of recreation, and in a few short months we should become a nation of jaded, nerveless wrecks. Cannot these cranks realise that—especially in these days of utmost strain on our medical resources—keeping one's body in health *is* a work of national importance.

Bad Faith.

This is from a Polite Letter-writer of Carnforth:—"The Urban District Council has recently re-organised the Fire Brigade, and your name is now omitted from the list of firemen." The gentleman addressed is an old soldier, a married man with four children, who is home wounded for the third time, "and quite willing to go again as soon as fit." The financial benefit of being a fireman at Carnforth amounts to 18s. a year, but the good man objects to this summary dismissal because, he says, they promised to keep the place open till his return. In honour and justice they can surely do no less. If Carnforth must dismiss a fireman, let them pick a man fit for the Army, but out of it so far.

A Disgusted Army Sergeant.

An Army Sergeant, just discharged from hospital after serving in France for 12 months, was "disgusted" on arriving home at Dudley. He "naturally expected to see the town deserted by men of military age fit for the Army." What he did see was hundreds of young, able-bodied men pouring out of the different workshops and factories—the majority of them not townsmen, but "drifted from neighbouring places to get positions in munitions factories for the sole purpose of dodging the Army; they are now receiving, not earning, large wages—while our fighting men, the pick of the Old Motherland, are being paid about enough to keep their pipes lit." In this respect Dudley does not, of course, stand alone.

Fit Men in Army Bands.

And this reminds us of a letter we have from a soldier's wife, drawing attention to the fact that "hundreds of fit young men are hiding behind their instruments in different Army bands waiting to buy themselves out at the end of the war. These men keep their positions in private orchestras and draw Army pay more than I get to keep myself and two children." The Government put their screw on men who have already done their bit and come back wounded, and on every weakling whom their medical agents are unscrupulous and callous enough to pass—and yet they not only shut their eyes, but refuse to open them, to the shameless shirking in every direction.

How to obtain the world-famous "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 15.

"A Coroner's Appeal."

Under this heading, we recently called the attention of our readers to a poignant tale of tragedy—a little boy of three, the child of a consumptive carman, dying from the effect of scalds received because "the family were too poor to replace a worn out fireguard." As usual, several readers responded liberally to our appeal, and we are glad to hear from the Coroner that in all £25 was collected for what he rightly describes as "a most deserving case."

Shells and Shame.

Without question, some of the women war workers are badly treated. The matter has been raised by us before, and a factory near Sheffield provides another illustration. If a woman loses one day's work here, they stop on the next pay-day all her overtime and war bonus, "to the tune of sometimes 12s." It goes without saying that, in similar circumstances, men would not stand that sort of treatment—if the firm tried it on with them, the whole factory would stop pretty soon.

Tommy, Junior.

Tommy, jr., is abroad in the land. The other day, as a military officer was walking along a street in South Ealing, a little chap, not more than five years young, in threadbare jacket and well down on his uppers, hove into view. As he passed the officer he braced himself in soldierly fashion, assumed a grave demeanour, and brought his hand smartly to the salute. That officer had the natural instinct of a gentleman. Instead of hurting the child's feelings, he saluted equally gravely, and passed on without a look behind.

Work for Soldiers.

An ex-sergeant, with a crippled hand, who finds it difficult to secure employment, makes a suggestion well worth weighing. It is that all workshops and factories should be compelled by law to find work for a certain number of discharged soldiers. It is a form of dilution of labour devoutly to be wished. Grasp the big truth that an ex-soldier, willing to work, is entitled to work and must have work, and the rest is not difficult. There is no industry where these men cannot be employed according to their capabilities, and every employer ought to make room for a percentage of them.

Manchester Royal Exchange.

Just a small mem. for members of the Manchester Royal Exchange. There are some worthy men, pensioners, employed as ticket-checkers at the doors. Their wage, for five days weekly, is 22s. 6d.—little enough, in all conscience. Members' subscriptions have been raised, because of the higher cost of labour, but there is no higher salary for pensioners, steady workers as they are. On the contrary, somebody has been mean enough to dock each of them of 9s., because of Good Friday and Easter Monday being compulsory holidays. Manchester men will alter this, we are sure.

More Hop Dumping.

Not long ago, Mr. Prothero, the President of the Agricultural Board, pledged himself that no more licences would be issued for the importation of hops. This notwithstanding, 1,889 cwts. of foreign hops were imported only the other day, and unless they were smuggled in they certainly came in under licence. Of course, if Government pledges are mere figures of speech and scraps of paper, a cynical breach of faith of this kind can be easily understood; but if Mr. Prothero is really anxious to have his word regarded as his bond, he will take the earliest opportunity of scragging the official who has done this thing while he himself is urging English hop growers to put half their hop ground under vegetables.

The Poisoned Teify.

We are bidden to ask this fateful question: Who has poisoned Teify? We mean Teify in Wales; not Taffy the Welshman and honest man, but Teify, the polluted river. We are told to press the question, because local authorities seem helpless and do nothing.

The Perfect Snob.

The snob complete reveals himself in this advertisement:—"Young Gentleman, engaged in Government service, University man, invites correspondence from private family of good social standing in a position to offer Entertainment at Week Ends with young, cultured society." The cad, you see, thinks so much of his measly self that he expects first-class families to beg him to honour them with his repulsive company at week-ends. The "young, cultured society" he yearns for would surely kick him out. He seems to be hiding in some Government funk-hole; he should be smoked out with a stink-bomb.

Dainties for the Troops.

In the course of an application at the Liverpool County Court, His Honour Judge Thomas vented the extraordinary opinion that it was a mistake to send luxuries to the boys at the Front. "I do not think it wise," observed the learned Judge, "to send foodstuffs out of the country, when there is a shortage here." In plain terms, our brave soldiers are to be robbed of the little delicacies they so much enjoy because of the possibility that sooner or later we may come to short commons at home. Happily, the wives and parents of our fighting men may be relied on to reject such ungenerous counsel. Stick to your law, Thomas!

Saintly Strife.

There is what in secular parlance may be called a devil of a row in the Parish of St. Matthew's, Douglas, Isle of Man. In the more chastened language of a local journal, "strained relations continue to exist between the Lord Bishop and the Incumbent of S. Matthew's." And no wonder, for it seems that when the Bishop visited Douglas in connection with the recent National Mission of Repentance and Hope, the Incumbent declined to repent and hope with the Bishop, opening the Parish Church for a rival service. The Bishop now declines to confirm people at St. Matthew's, taking serious exception to the cut and colour of the "vestments" in which the Incumbent discharges his priestly office. The issue of the holy conflict is uncertain, but at the moment, we are backing the Bish!

Our "Bullets" Competition.

Some four years ago we offered a reward of £1,000 to anyone who could show that our "Bullets" Competition was not fairly conducted, which offer we renewed on many occasions. Recently—at the instance of a discharged employee of our sister Company, Mrs. Bull, Ltd.—an action was brought claiming the reward, the plaintiff evidently relying upon certain statements he had obtained from three ex-members of our staff. When, however, the case was called before Mr. Justice Darling a few days ago the plaintiff's counsel announced that he had been unable to get into touch with these witnesses, and ultimately the hearing was adjourned until next sittings to enable him to subpœna them. The Judge naturally made some strong observations upon their absence, adding that he was quite satisfied that JOHN BULL was in no way responsible for their non-attendance, and that we were anxious to have the case fully investigated. As stated by our counsel, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., we had all our witnesses in Court, and we still hope that we shall get the opportunity to demonstrate the absolute impossibility of any irregularity in connection with what is undoubtedly the most popular and fairest skill competition in the Kingdom.

Spend a Penny on "Everywoman's"!—you will never regret it. On sale Tuesdays.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear Sir Edward,—I am ready to make every allowance for the immense difficulties of your position, and I have not a vestige of sympathy with the venomous Party attacks of which you have lately been the victim; but I cannot pretend to be entirely satisfied with the position of affairs at sea, or with the steps taken to cope with the increasing menace of the submarine. It is an unfortunate fact that for nearly two years past the world's greatest Fleet has been reduced to a purely defensive strategy, while the recent decision of the War Office to retain most of the wounded in France is a plain admission that our main lines of communication are unsafe. It is all very disturbing. What can the matter be?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Devonport, Food Controller.

Dear Procrastinator,—Gradually you are coming round to my own point of view, and I have no doubt that in a few weeks' time you will be announcing a scheme of compulsory rationing with all the fervour of a sudden inspiration. Meanwhile a great deal of valuable time has been lost, while every day creates fresh difficulties and brings us nearer to the verge of famine. If this is sound statesmanship or good business or practical commonsense then I'll eat my hat—a dietary innovation to which, I take it, you would have no sort of objection. Why, with your amazing record of hesitancy, confusion, and delay, you should continue to be known as a "Food Controller" is one of those mysteries of nomenclature that baffle the inquiring mind.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. The Earl of Derby, K.G., War Secretary.

Dear War Lord,—I am rather sorry that you have capitulated to the doctors in regard to the medical needs of the Army, and I venture to suggest that the time has come when the profession should be organised for war service upon a business-like plan. I can see no reason why medical men of military age—or even up to the age of 50—should not be compulsorily enrolled, and their services allocated by the Tribunals or some other suitable public authority, due regard being paid to the needs of the civil population. In your position I should be strongly disinclined to accept the dictation of any professional body in regard to the necessities of the Army or the war-time requirements of the State.

John Bull.

To William Brace, Esq., Under-Secretary for Home Affairs.

Dear Sir,—It appears that you propose to ask that Brentford Magistrate "what justification he had for ordering two women recently brought before him and acquitted on a charge of insulting behaviour, to be medically examined for venereal disease, of which they were discovered free." He had no justification whatever; so the inquiry, though it may be called for as an official formality, is utterly superfluous. He had no more justification than the Home Secretary would have for ordering *him* to be examined for a similar complaint. Undoubtedly the man is either a lunatic or an ass, and whether the one or the other, I shall ask you to be good enough to report to the Home Secretary that he is unfitted to exercise the functions of a Magistrate.

John Bull.

To Sir H. Craik, M.P., House of Commons.

My Dear Sir Henry,—I was glad to see you questioned Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, "whether any men of military age, other than those disabled by wounds or illness, are acting as Military Representatives before the Tribunals, and whether their duties could not be suitably discharged by men beyond military age." Of course, Mr. Macpherson fenced with the question, as Under-Secretaries have a way of doing—though, as you put it to him, and as I have put it generally on several occasions, it is notorious that such is the case. However, I note that Mr. Macpherson is going to "inquire into it." Don't let him put you off.

John Bull.

To Rowland Prothero, Esq., President of the Board of Agriculture.

Dear Mr. President,—This is an amazing story I hear in regard to the motor ploughs. It seems that for the Spring ploughing you borrowed as many of these machines as you could lay your hands on (intending to let them out to farmers according to their needs), but ignoring, or forgetting, the fact that only skilled men could drive them. In the result there was a paralysing shortage of drivers, and now the ploughs have to be returned, many of them having scarcely been used at all. I dare say there have been worse fiascoes in the field of war-administration, but, for its size, this was a pretty "bad" one. When people tell me that we have now got "Business Government," I take leave to demur.

John Bull.

To C. Travers Humphreys, Esq., Treasury Counsel.

Dear Mr. Travers Humphreys,—I was in Court during the hearing of Dr. Caley's Appeal against the conviction which, as Treasury Counsel, you secured against him a short time ago in connection with the White City Military Exemption Conspiracy Case, and although I cannot say that you resorted to any unworthy method of advocacy—you are far too big a man for that—I could not help being struck by the persistency with which you fought to uphold a conviction which, in view of the arguments of the Court of Appeal, you must have felt rested upon an extremely flimsy foundation. May I with all respect, and in the most friendly spirit, remind you of a dictum of the late Mr. Justice Hawkins—that "Treasury Counsel should be ministers of justice, and not advocates eager to secure convictions"?

John Bull.

To Dr. William B. Caley.

Dear Dr. Caley,—During your Appeal against that monstrous conviction in connection with the White City Exemption Conspiracy I was present in Court—and I had the pleasure of hearing the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice, which left no atom of doubt in my mind that you had been the victim of a gross miscarriage of justice. I am writing, therefore, not only for the purpose of congratulating you upon your vindication, but also to inquire whether you have yet been reinstated upon the Medical Board of which you were formerly a member. This is the least reparation which can be made you, and I shall be glad to learn that it has been done.

John Bull.

To Midshipman Donald A. Gyles, R.N.R.

Dear Midshipmite,—You were one of the principal heroes of the gallant little destroyer action in the Straits of Dover of which we have all been reading, and I send you warm congratulations and the best of wishes for a speedy recovery from your wounds. Meanwhile, your gallant conduct will live in the proud annals of the Fleet. When frenzied Huns swarmed over the forecastle of the *Broke*, you bore the brunt of the attack. "The Midshipman," says the Admiralty report, "amid the dead and wounded of his guns' crews, and half blinded by blood, met the rush single-handed with an automatic revolver"—the brilliant climax of a most heroic performance. The Empire is proud of you.

John Bull.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., D.D.

Dear Old Lady,—You seem to be a Conscientious Objector to most things on earth below—if not in the Heavens above; and I am not surprised to find you lashing yourself into a fine moral fury over the proposal to issue Premium Bonds—or, as you call it, a Lottery Loan. As far as I can make out, your objection seems to be that the public might manage to squeeze a little harmless excitement out of the scheme, although, of course, you cloak your scruples in much less candid terms. However, I fail to see what the matter has to do with you, one way or the other, and you will forgive me for suggesting that you are much more at home with your familiar muck-rake than in the realms of high finance.

John Bull.

THE GREAT ARMY SCANDAL.

SOME MORE AMAZING LETTERS IN THE CASE.

In our disclosures of last week, revealing a grave Army scandal in the treatment of ex-Lt. Smyth, we touched in brief on the domestic side of the tragedy in order to show how the influence of Mrs. Frances Campbell ("De Merlin") was used to bring pressure to bear against this unfortunate young man from Jamaica. Little comment is needed to emphasise the significance of the letters we now publish. The first two are from Mrs. Smyth, written at a time when her real feelings were given free expression, although it will be noticed that "Mother" already figures in the love missives:—

"I don't know how to answer your letter, because it has brought home to me suddenly that your going either to Egypt or Flanders means a great deal to me.

I did not realise while you were here and I saw you every day, that I cared; now I know that what you told me meant a great happiness to me, and that I felt towards you as you do to me.

Please do not think me stupid or foolish.

So many have told me they "adore me" and love me; and I have not been moved at the remembrance, but with you it is different, you are gone and I know you are everything in the world. I do so want to see you again.

Yours as ever,

PHIL CAMPBELL.

P.S.—The Doctor says Mother must leave England at once, *and says Jamaica* or Madeira would do, but that she must go immediately."

"Strand Palace Hotel, London, W.C.

MY DARLING JOHNNIE,—What a dreadful time you are having! It made me quite ill thinking of you with such a cough, lying on the wet ground.

When I think of all you have sacrificed to become a soldier of your country, it makes me furious; it is infamous that you should be treated like this. What was your pig of an orderly doing to forget your bed? And to think of your tramping along the railway line—Oh, my mong Doo! mong Doo! as ——— used to say, and bad little me the cause of it all. Johnnie, boy, I miss you awfully; such a funny blank sort of feeling about everything and everywhere, and such a pain of disappointment. Though I know quite well you are at Shoreham, yet I am always expecting to see you, and feel so disappointed and injured because I don't. I suppose it's the war? It's so exasperating that people laugh when I say I'm going to be married. Why should they think it absurd—*I'm* 22. . . .

I am so sad I shall not see you to-morrow; it will be another blank day, and I shall go about with that horrid feeling of being in two places at once, the sound of the sea and the rain filling the place where I used to keep my brains.

How glad I shall be when you come back, and I can be a real person again.

Mummie sends her love and tells you to take care of yourself.

Dieu vous garde.

My own darling boy, always your loving

PHIL."

And then in a few brief weeks all is changed—the wife has left her husband, and we have this poignant appeal from the distracted young officer when he is under arrest for over-staying his leave while in search of the runaway:—

"9th The Buffs, Shoreham.

MY DEAREST PHIL,—I have been mad ever since you left me, running all over London to find you and going to extremes—however undignified—which you will never know. I cannot help *loving* you, so I must suffer for it. It never rains but it pours, eh? I am indeed an unlucky man. My main worry, however, at this moment, is to know where you are and to try and make what provision I can for you. At least will you let me know where you are, or that you have received this letter, so that I can send you some money. I do think that you have treated me cruelly, Phil, but I have been wrong too, and am willing to make amends if you will come to me, as I cannot come to you, or at least won't you write to me?

Mother and you can take a flat in Brighton, and if I come through this all right I will come up for week-ends. I am going to ask the Colonel, however, to send me to France right away, as the 8th have been badly cut-up and they require officers—my present trouble, however, is a great handicap; still I must hope for the best, but it's hard.

Your ever loving husband,

JOHNNIE."

The last letter we shall quote from this week is, perhaps, the most human and touching of all. It was returned through the post, the address which Mrs. Smyth's solicitors had written across the letter in forwarding it to their client having been carefully cut out of the envelope in order that the wife's whereabouts should be still concealed from the husband. It will be remembered that both Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Smyth had by now arrived at their decision to cast the child upon charity unless the father took it immediately.

"I may say at once that no self-respecting woman could possibly treat her child in the way that you threaten to do, whatever the father may be. There is another way of looking at this matter. You forget that the child is more yours than mine—but I will not elaborate upon what your common-sense must tell you, if not now later on. Of course, I know that there are some most unnatural mothers, but you are not, I still believe, of this sort. There is always the chance that the child may not live, as you ominously suggest. Do not deceive yourself into suggesting that I have forgotten why you left me. All your letters refer to 'Mother.' I blame you for being so susceptible, but this was only natural owing to the quickness of our marriage and the shortness of intercourse. You were young and did not understand things. I only did my duty, and in as delicate a manner as I could under these most trying conditions—but at this time you did not know me, and could not appreciate what your position was; so, prompted by mother, you left me the letter in my solicitor's hands. Is not this correct? Your mother sends for my Colonel, whom you were 'specially bedecked' to meet previously at the Carlton for '*my* benefit.' . . . The friend who drank my wine ordered my arrest forthwith (*of course* upon military grounds) after 24 hours' absence without leave, looking for you.

Instead of acting reasonably, as millions of girls have done for generations past, you did not. You disclose the sacred privacy of your bedroom to men whom you think by virtue of their professions are unable to think and form their own opinions about. In this way you enlist their sympathies and denounce your husband. But the Bond of Marriage is not a one-sided affair.

May I suggest—(and I do not mean to inflict pain upon you. my *only* idea, *as God lives*, is to help you to think for yourself and by yourself)—that people of far lower birth than you or I always refrain from washing their 'dirty linen' in public. You have gone further to desecrate the privacy of your bedroom; you now go further to desecrate your own body—your own flesh and blood—by writing about the baby as you do. That child may live to make you regret it yet. It may die, but it is living now, and it has a soul. It is part of your own flesh and body. Think, my darling Phil, please think. I do not know what you have passed through since you left me, but I know what I have—you do not know all. If it is, as you say, that you are unable to support the child, my sister will gladly do so. I am still in the Army, I love you still, and I want to see you—not to intrude upon you. Remember, Phil, I love you still, and think over this lengthy epistle, and reply yourself to me here.—Ever your loving husband,

JOHNNY."

August 1st, 1916.

Next week we shall deal further with the "Woman in the Case."

A WOMAN'S CRUELTY.

SHOCKING TREATMENT OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A young married woman at Chatham, the wife of a driver in the Army Service Corps, and the mother of six young children, got into arrears with her rent, and, "somewhat reluctantly," as he has since stated, the Chatham Stipendiary issued an Ejectment Order against her—to be executed after 21 days. However, the matter was in the hands of Messrs. J. Presnail and Sons, House Agents, High Street, Chatham—and they were in a hurry. While the poor woman was in hospital and before the 21 days had expired, they raided the cottage and removed every stick of furniture. On the information of Inspector J. A. Collard, of the N.S.P.C.C., the scandal was reported to the Magistrate, who denounced the conduct of the house agents in scathing terms. "It is a most serious thing, a most monstrous performance—heartless, illegal, wicked." And, it is painful to add, the author of the outrage was a woman, a Mrs. Masters, who is managing the business of Messrs. J. Presnail and Sons, in the absence of the principal at the Front. "This Mrs. Masters ought to go to prison," was the Magistrate's sharp comment, and we are not inclined to quarrel with it. It is distressing to think of a young mother in ill health, the wife of a soldier, subjected to such treatment—left, as the Stipendiary observed, "without a home to go to; without a stick of furniture; without a bed to sleep in; without a penny in the world." We strongly endorse the suggestion of the Bench that the firm should make "instant and full reparation."

"BUSINESS" AS USUAL.

THE PRETTY PETTY WAYS OF WHITEHALL.

A Manchester gentleman, anxious to put up a few fowl runs on an allotment, was informed by the shopkeepers that before he could purchase wire netting a Permit must be obtained from the Munitions Department. He applied, and was favoured with a circular, and form, running to three pages of foolscap, to be filled up and returned to the Director of Steel Production. Nor were the Ministry giving any Permits in a hurry, even to the modest extent of a few yards of wire netting. The applicant was required to answer all manner of technical conundrums, and to guarantee that he would on no account deal in the "steel or steel goods or goods containing steel" except in the manner provided by the Regulations. The Permit might quite easily have been granted or refused in a three line letter, the procedure actually followed involving a shocking waste of paper, to say nothing of time and temper, with only confusion at the end. Yet, no doubt, the official responsible for this performance enjoys a comfortable salary and high notions of his "indispensability." And some people tell us that "Business Government" has actually begun!

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

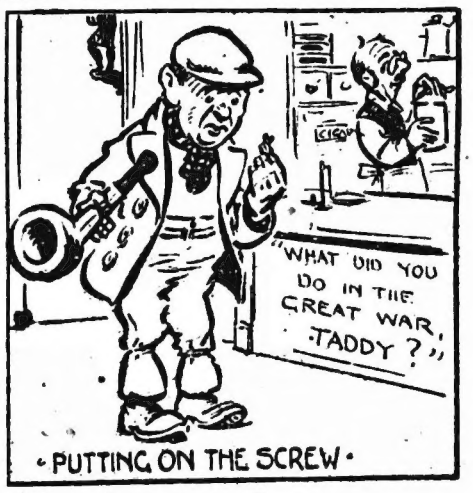
MUCH CASH AND LITTLE RETURN FOR IT.

The results of the U-boat campaign are daily becoming more alarming. But surely, when they are called upon to curtail all luxuries and unnecessary foodstuffs, the people have a right to expect that the Government should on their part see that practical men—those who have all their lives handled vessels, not from office seats but at the docks and on the sea—are placed in charge of arrangements, in order that every possible and economical use may be made of the still enormous available tonnage. In the first place, the class of vessel that has been designed for standardised ships by favoured naval architects and builders is not suitable for speedy building and immediate utilisation. The hulls and engines are elaborate and costly, and savour too much of the "Admiralty practice" type. Bronze propellers, watertight compartments for sea connections, fancy finish and fancy fittings all tend to prevent rapid completion. The firms employed to construct the vessels are not at all accustomed to the class of tramp cargo boats which can be quickly delivered. There are several builders at Port Glasgow, Hartlepool, on the Tyne, etc., who have for years past turned out standardised ships and have delivered them at high speed, and could do so now—but, because they dared to express their views, they have been ignored, and builders of Dreadnoughts and battleships are employed. We are glad, however, to notice that the Government have at last decided to do what every practical man knew should have been done as soon as the Huns, by word or deed, announced that they would not respect hospital ships. These vessels have hitherto been used only to transport wounded, and have proceeded to their destination empty and returned with their holds vacant, and with only wounded and hospital staff on board. The Government have now wisely determined to paint out all the red, green and grey distinguishing marks, and to eliminate also the night lighting of these vessels. But let them go a little farther. At all our great ports are large hospital ships lying idle, waiting for orders—at Southampton there are at all times at least nine or ten. Let these vessels be armed, and let them be used, as far as can be done practically—not interfering with the hospital fittings, of course—as transports and light cargo-carriers for stores. They can be easily loaded with case goods and, instead of lying idle, can be used daily to convey stores and troops across to France—or even, by a little alteration, to the Mediterranean—returning as hospital ships. This would release dozens of ten-thousand-ton and larger cargo vessels, which are now daily employed on this work, and allow them to carry foodstuffs, etc., from America to this country. We have before advocated large towing barges, but this idea seems too simple to be adopted. We think, however, that the public should insist on their Parliamentary Representatives badgering the Ministry of Shipping until these and other reforms are carried out.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

In Wells, the writer and the man,
Dwells also the republican—
Who with his feeble arm would try
To "down" the British monarchy.



If for tobacco we must pay
A bigger price than yesterday,
We'll think of Tommy, scorn to grouse,
And blow less smoke about the house.

Why should the Conscience Object be
Treated with so much sympathy?
The Hidden Hand protects him yet,
But Thomas Atkins won't forget!

POLITICIANS MUST ACT OR GO!

WEAK MEN ARE MOSTLY COWARDS, AND COWARDS ARE WORSE THAN CRIMINALS.

BY A. G. HALES.

WEEK by week the toll taken of our mercantile marine grows larger, and Heaven alone knows how our Allies' shipping is suffering. Those in authority seem to consider they are meeting the direful emergency of the moment by merely refusing to take the British public into their confidence in regard to Neutral losses—just as if, by keeping our people in ignorance, they were warding off or minimising the danger of the U-boat blockade. The politicians are doing nothing of the kind; they only aggravate, instead of minimise, the peril of the menace by their insane secrecy—for they encourage the vicious to go on gormandising, whilst the food supplies get lower and lower day by day. The greedy and the unpatriotic in our midst argue that there is no real need to economise, for if there were such need the Government would not hide the proofs. No one outside the asylums for the insane believes that the German Government does not get a full and speedy account of ships sunk in all waters by their pirate craft. If we cannot prevent the U-boats from getting out of German ports to carry on their work of destruction, how does any sane man imagine we can prevent U-boats getting back with news of the wrecking done by their underwater fleet? These craft do not work at haphazard; they have a system, and part of that system would assuredly be the notifying of the Berlin powers in regard to all work done at sea. The only people who suffer by secrecy are ourselves. Our responsible folk seem afraid to trust the most trustworthy nation that ever shouldered a great war. They talk of not wanting to create a panic; this is currish excuse and a wanton insult—when have the British ever shown any sign of "panic"?

Tell the Whole Truth.

Give Britons the truth of the situation; give it to them raw and uncooked—we don't want any more Press Bureau dressing of ugly and unpalatable truths. The Germans know how it is with us; and if they did not know, the act of the politicians in cutting down the *soldiers'* bread ration would have told them in language more eloquent than the printed or the spoken word. The Germans must think things are even worse with us than they are, for in no country on God's earth, except our own lawyer and politician-ridden land, would the fighting man be the first to feel the pruning hook in regard to bread. It is a most abominable and damnable shame that in this country it should be so. Before the soldiers' bread-rations should have been trimmed by an ounce, we who are not fighting should have been put on short rations, so that the fighter might have "full and plenty"; and I do not believe there is a Briton in civil life who would have objected, except the vote-snatching, popularity-cadging, political gang. They have robbed the soldier of his vote, and they think they can rob him of bread with impunity; but this time they have overshot their bolt—the people at home despise them for this act of meanness, and look upon them with contempt. I move amongst the people; I listen to men and women talking, and I know how they resent anything of this kind—because they all, or nearly all, have a personal stake in this citizen army. The soldiers are their relations, their kinsmen—and there is not a decent citizen or citizeness in the land who would not rather go short than see a soldier's bread-ration curtailed. The people are asking, "Why does the Government not ration the nation, instead of talking about it for months?" Every small shopkeeper in the kingdom could be used as a ration-distributor, and the small shopkeepers are practical folk; they have far more sense and shrewdness than Government officials—they would be content to work for a scanty weekly wage. The shop-people know where the shops are situated, and the shop-keepers know the people. In those small shops lie the main portions of all the machinery of distribution of food that is necessary in an emergency like the present—and the emergency is with us; it is not months away from us, it is here—it has arrived. We do not want all the brilliant victories won by our soldiers' valour pitched into the melting-pot of an inconclusive peace through the arrant cowardice and incompetence of our gang of Parliamentary hacks, who do not seem to know what to think about the situation, and have but little to think with. They say they are afraid of creating a panic—they are afraid of creating a storm of righteous indignation that will sweep them out of Parliament into the obscurity of private life! That is their real fear. Panic? The average citizen of these isles is ready for anything that will help to win the war, but he fears now that there are some in high places who do not want a complete and crushing victory—highly placed individuals who can see in a food famine the only chance for Germany to be saved from the fate so well-earned.

Real Food Conservation.

We want real conservation of food—especially cereals, potatoes and sugar. Let the Government call in every pound of flour in the kingdom; make it a criminal offence to keep flour or oatmeal, or wheat and oats in reserve; stop the baking of bread in any shape or form, and turn out something like the old Army biscuit, and let these biscuits be served out to the populace as rations, and we at one stroke do away with an immense amount of the waste. These biscuits will keep men, and women too, in better health than bread, brown or white, ever did. I have lived on them and I know; they have no equal for hardening and sustaining men, and they allow no waste. Cut off all puddings, pies, and pastry; let it all go by the board until the war is won, and well won, and let every form of sweets and confectionery be brushed aside by law. I know there has been some half-hearted legislation upon this latter matter, but I have used my eyes in the streets, in hotels, in restaurants and shops, and I know that very little real saving of foodstuffs has been effected. We are living in a fool's paradise, and in a little time we shall have the traitors within the gates urging "peace by compromise," because of the scarcity of food in Great Britain. They are lying low now only because the time for their clamour to be effective does not seem to them to have quite arrived—we shall hear them ere long pleading that a halfway peace is better than an empty belly. We never should have drifted into our present condition; if our politicians were afraid of the size of the rationing job, why did they not say so and step out and make room for men of sterner mould? But the people are the politicians' paymasters; why not sack them if they will not act? The public is clamouring for action; so are the soldiers at home. I heard a group of them discussing the politicians last week, and one soldier sized up the situation by saying, contemptuously, "Politicians? Oh, cut 'em out; politicians is muck!" His grammar may have left room for improvement, but that Tommy had the root of the matter under his hat. There is a growing suspicion abroad in the land that the authorities do not want to ration the nation for fear of upsetting the businesses of the merchant-princes who have been making mammoth profits all through the war. If that is so, the sooner they notice the storm signals the better for themselves!

Supplied to the RED CROSS

There is no finer testimony

in support of Wrigley's than in the fact that large quantities are being sent to the Red Cross for use in Hospitals. Not only in the Hospitals is Wrigley's Chewing Gum in demand—Everywhere where there is a Soldier or Sailor, Wrigley's is always welcome: It is always wanted, because it is so comforting and sustaining—because it aids digestion, and because it helps to bring a little more cheer into Tommy's daily life.
It's just tip top is Tommy's Tit-Bit, and every packet you send to a Soldier or Sailor boy is helping along the War.

Send to your Soldier or Sailor Friends.
Enclose a packet in *all* your letters.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S LONDON.

When out o' Sorts

It's more than wretched to feel out o' sorts and yet not know just what is wrong with you. To awake in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, with a slight headache, and feeling languid and run down Then, as the day advances, to feel that all your old snap and vigour has deserted you, though you haven't done enough hard work to account for this feeling. If this is ever your experience, it is almost certain that the cause is some derangement of the digestive organs. And it is just here that Mother Seigel's Syrup can help you. This wonderful invigorator and tonic has a marked beneficial effect on the whole of the digestive system. It braces the nerves and gives tone and vitality to stomach, liver, and bowels, and enables them to regain a normal healthy condition. When this has been attained you will again feel the vigour and glow of health. Put it to the test to day.

TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 size contains THREE TIMES as much as the 1/3 bottle.

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GOOD PIANIST
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No more weary grinding at 'Scales' and 'Exercises.'

My system has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

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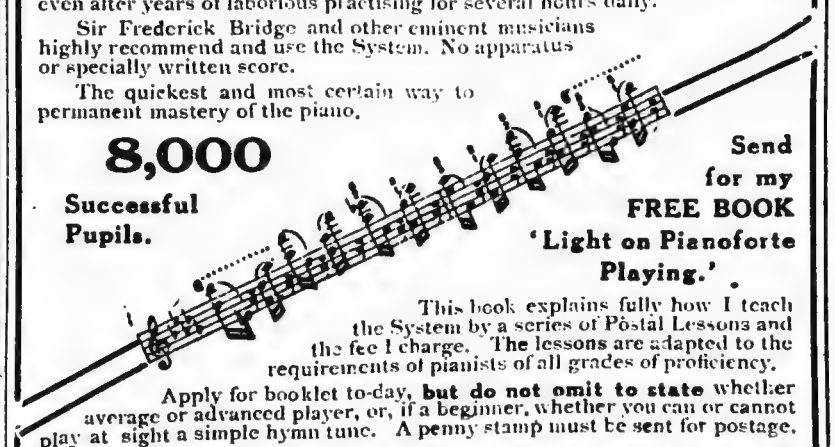

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EASY TERMS

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 13

JUSTICE FOR TO

JOIN UP WITH ME, BOYS!—OUR S

By THE E

ALREADY there are broken soldiers in our workhouses! After all the lessons of the past—the shame of the neglect of the heroes of old wars—it might have been expected that the scandal would never occur again. But to-day men find that they cannot live on the beggarly pensions of the State, and they are forced to eat the bitter bread of charity. Last year I gave my pledge to Tommy and Jack. It is printed every week in this journal. And since it was given, every case of hardship or injustice which has been brought to my notice has been dealt with. But it is hard work fighting Departments now; the entanglements of red-tape are sometimes only to be broken down by a prolonged bombardment. Well, I intend to continue these offensive operations—and so long as I know I have the sympathy of the nation behind me, and with the genuine grievances of Tommy and Jack as my incentive, I am certain of success. From the experience gained in fighting the battles of the soldier and his dependents—the young wife, the aged mother, the orphan children—I am convinced that both now and after the war we shall need all the power and influence which combination and organisation can secure if we are to obtain generous justice for our brave boys. I have been thinking how best that combined strength can be obtained, how we can most effectively mobilise our forces, and I have come to the conclusion that it is time we started, under the auspices of JOHN BULL, a Sailors' and Soldiers' League. How do you like the idea?

Jack's and Tommy's Union.

Just think of the thousand and one ways in which the men who are now engaged with the enemy on land and on the seas will come into touch with the life of the nation when peace reigns again. And realise this, above all else—that the fighting man has direct claims upon the heart and purse of the People; that nothing we can do for the sailor or the soldier broken in the war can ever repay him for the body maimed, the health impaired, the snug home broken, the little business shattered because he played the man, answered his country's call and shouldered arms for the defence of the Motherland. And when it comes to any measure of the sacrifices made, it would be wrong and unjust to draw the smallest distinction between the man who volunteered and the man who was conscripted. While I raise my hat to those splendid fellows who at the first call of war gave up everything to go and fight, I cannot forget that many who tarried did so because wife and children or aged parents tugged at their heart strings. And so I say that the protecting arm of public opinion—and it is that opinion that we of JOHN BULL regard it as our special privilege to voice and to organise—must be thrown over every man and over the family of every man who, since August 4th, 1914, has taken up arms in the defence of Britain and the Empire. Remember that we are now a nation in arms. Justice and fair dealing for the fighting man means justice and fair dealing for the hearth and home. If my readers will only rally round me and give me the influence which numbers alone can provide, I will, in a bigger and a more enduring sense even than My Pledge suggests, make this journal the rallying point for all who suffer through departmental indifference or red-tape stupidity. And the first thing I want to secure is decent payment for Tommy, together with a real living allowance for wife and children. My sympathies are all with the single soldier who has left the old people at home and whose thoughts in the lonely watches of the trenches are never for long forgetful of the aged folk. But I think the married man has in a very special sense a claim to public sympathy and State justice. Many a lonely wife is to-day struggling to keep the wolf from the door while her man is risking his life on the field of battle. To me it seems a monstrous injustice that—while millions of married men are doing well in this England of ours—he is compelled, out of his miserable pay, to set aside nearly half of it before the State will contribute a farthing to keep his home together and his wife and kiddies in miserable sufficiency. I wonder what would happen if Tommy had a Trades Union and that the voting power which he would be able to exercise—if necessary while he is still in the trenches—was organised in his own material interests? Well, we must see about that, too—and the Sailors' and Soldiers' League could easily be made powerful enough to decide the fate of Governments and secure for the men who are to-day beating back the foe and strengthening our Imperial strength, all those things—financial, political and social—which they have a right to demand.

Work for the League.

Pensions, allowances, "gratuities"—such monetary salve and comfort as is possible for wounds and illness, for shattered health and broken homes—all these must be obtained "full measure and running over." But, I repeat, one of the things which is uppermost in my mind is to secure to the soldier his full pay without any deduction, leaving a country that should be grateful to the bounds of generosity to support his dependents, be they wife, child or mother—or all three—so long as he wears the King's uniform and is compelled to devote all his energies to the task of killing the Hun. Much has already been gained by agitation—more can be secured by combination. Contrast the monetary allowances to-day with what they were in the first month of the war, and you will realise how the walls of departmental meanness and the cruel barbed wire of heartless officialdom have been shaken and weakened by the steady assault of an outraged public opinion. But there is much to be done before Tommy comes home, and when he does return in his hundreds of thousands there will still be a great deal to do. He will need not only the helping hand of the State, but the guiding hand of those who have pledged themselves to defend his interests. If he returns a hale and hearty man—and, thank God, there will be a mighty returning army of the physically fit—he will have to start life all over again. Questions

OMMY AND JACK.

SAILORS' AND SOLDIERS' LEAGUE.

EDITOR.

of his rights as a discharged soldier, problems of employment, the difficulty of broken promises made when he was induced either by the employer or the politician to take up arms—all these things, and many more, will confront him. I want to feel that when that time comes the Sailors' and Soldiers' League will be big enough and strong enough to stand behind our boys as their friend and guide and champion.

Typical Grievances.

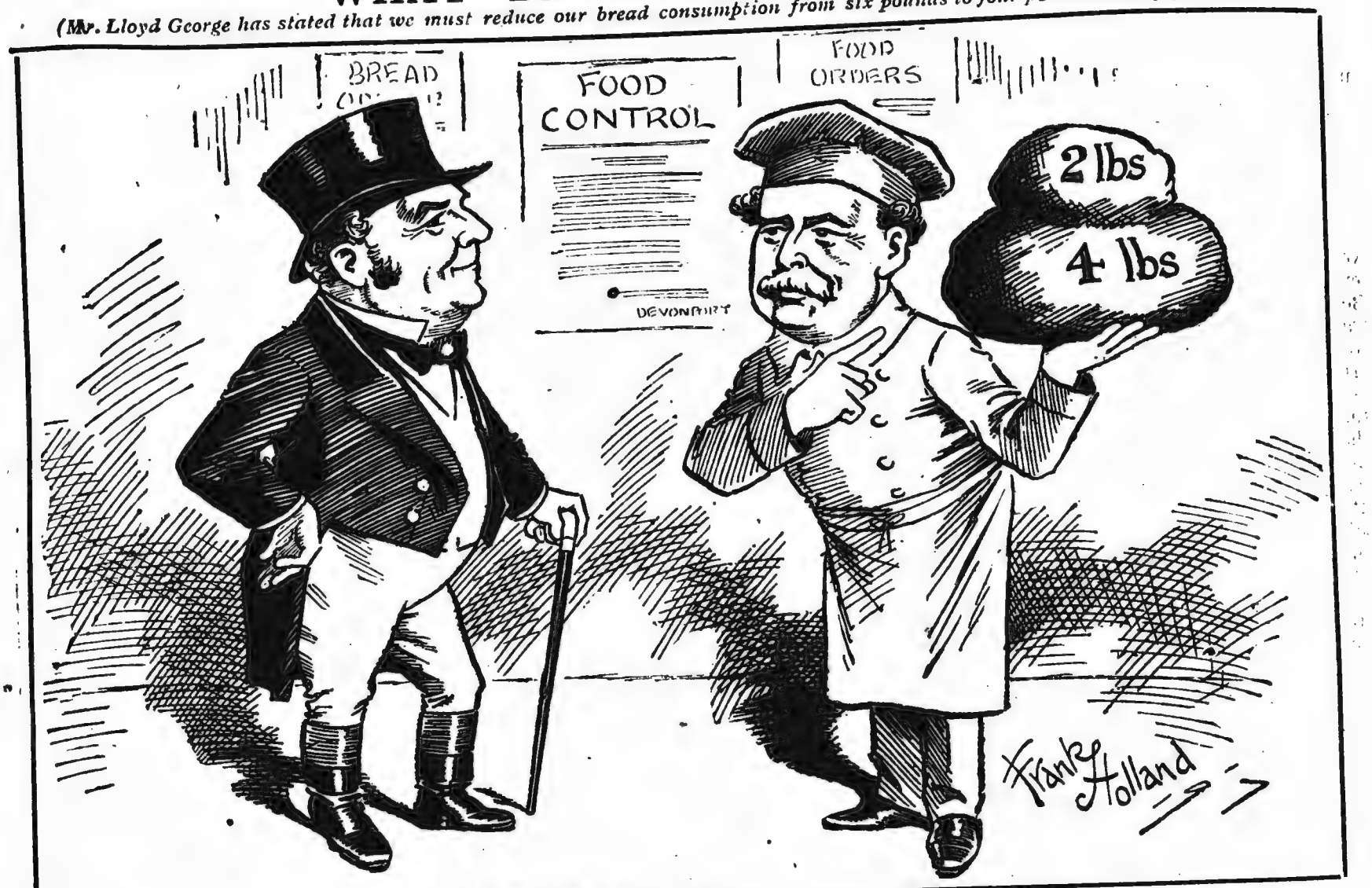
As regards the matter of Pensions and Allowances, I shall not be satisfied until the soldier's beggarly 1s. 2d. a day—contrast that with the war workers at home, who run no imminent danger, and with the generous and sloppy treatment of the Conscientious Objectors—is given him free and clear for his own use. I want to see many other injustices immediately remedied. Take, for instance, the matter of Hospital stoppages. Isn't it monstrous that when a married soldier in this country becomes ill and is compelled to go into hospital, no less a sum than 7d. a day is deducted? See what this means. Already he is paying 6d. a day for Separation Allowance—3s. 6d. a week must be given from his meagre and miserly pay before the State will offer a penny in support of his wife. This means that every day he is in hospital he is piling up debt. I say that is monstrous. If a soldier is sick it is our business—for we are the State—to nurse him back to health without any cost to himself. The poor fellow can't help falling ill. Why, even our sick dogs and horses we tend with all humane care. We don't beat them or penalise them because they are ill. Yet under the hard-hearted, inhuman system which prevails in the Army to-day, we charge a man a heavy sum—more than he can meet—because he has dared to fall sick! We might just as well give an order that all men who get wounded should go to prison. Now, I say this grave Hospital scandal has to stop. Of course, I know that Ministers are always ready with some trumped-up reason for the ridiculous ways of red tape and the cruel harshness of official methods. If I were in the House of Commons, this is one of those things I would stop within a week—or I should be stopped. I know one or two fighting spirits have been doing their best down Westminster way to put a little more heart in Whitehall and Chelsea. But you need to be very rude and very direct to move Ministers. If a member were suspended for vulgar persistency in holding up business until this crying scandal and other injustices were removed, he might insult the "amenities" of the House of Commons, but he would earn the eternal gratitude of the Army. Just as a man is penalised and made to pay in hard cash for the offence of falling ill, so those who—stricken with the grief of bereavement, and full of affection for the lost one—desire to bring home the beloved remains, are often made to pay heavily for the "luxury." Let me explain. The expenses of a soldier's funeral are the first charge against his "estate"—Heaven knows how small that generally is! (If he is buried in the trenches, they actually charge his "estate" with 4s. 6d. for the old blanket he is wrapped in!) The Regulations provide that if the body of a soldier is removed for burial at home, at the request of the relatives, from the station at which he dies, the Army will only pay towards the cost of the funeral (in addition to the cost of conveyance) a sum equal to the expense if the funeral had been carried out by the military authorities at the station where death occurred. Now I say that is monstrous. We are wasting millions, the profiteers are pocketing millions—anyone, if not everyone, at home has a chance of making money except the "shilling a day soldier." Yet he is forced to pay when he is sick—and when he is dead, and the debts are left behind, his sorrowing family are often unable to bring the body to the quiet God's acre in the old village. This is the sort of thing which makes my blood boil; it is the sort of thing which makes bitter the thoughts of the bereaved, and it is the kind of State meanness which is an insult to the nation's generous and grateful spirit. There are still stupidities and injustices in connection with the Separation Allowance. Men who are discharged from the Army because of disease contracted in the Army are treated as if they had no claim on the nation's gratitude; and there is, to take another form of injustice, the unfair treatment of the Reservists.

The Commissioned Ranks.

And while the soldiers have their just grievances, the officers have theirs too. There are many cases in which a man who obtains a commission is even worse off than the man in the ranks. We have to remember that the Army to-day is unlike any army the world has ever seen—that it is a wonderful mixture of every grade of society. The Lieutenant with a wife may be worse off than the Tommy with a Separation Allowance. I really don't see why our Sailors' and Soldiers' League should not champion the young officer as well as the private. Their interests conflict at no point—nearly all are just citizen soldiers, drawn from civil life at the call of duty. Whether a man wears the ordinary tunic or has across his shoulder a Sam Brown, is, in many cases, merely a matter of accident. Their social circumstances often differ but little; and just as Tommy is suffering from official parsimony and heartless neglect, so is the officer made the victim of incredible methods of meanness. Again I say that the only way to protect our Army—our wonderful citizen Army—from injustice and harsh treatment is to get behind it the solid, patriotic feeling of the nation, and so to organise that sentiment that the scandals which followed past wars shall never recur, whilst ensuring that fair treatment shall be meted out to every sailor and soldier and to all their dependents. Well, then, I repeat my question—What do you think of the idea of our League? I want your opinion, Tommy, and yours, too, Jack—don't think I have forgotten you. I want you both to tell me just how the scheme strikes you. If you like it—if you will support it as soon as you are free to do so, not with money but with active membership—we of John Bull will do the rest. Great Heaven, what a power the League would be!

WHAT DEVONPORT WANTS.

(Mr. Lloyd George has stated that we must reduce our bread consumption from six pounds to four pounds weekly per head.)



LORD DEVONPORT: "John, we're still eating too much bread. It won't run to this if we're going to last out."
JOHN BULL: "Then tell us what you want and you can have it."
LORD DEVONPORT: "Well, 'All I want is a little bit off the top.'"

"TREATED WITH THE UTMOST PRIVACY."

A NEW ENTERPRISE OF THE MONEYLENDING PROFESSION.

One of the latest enterprises of the moneylending fraternity —some few of whom *do* conduct their business on decent business lines—is revealed by a typewritten letter issued from 9, Salisbury Rd., Hove, and signed "Yours faithfully, J. Tanchan." It was sent to a gentleman who, having no further use for his motor-car, advertised it for sale:

> DEAR SIR,—I note the advertisement for the sale of your car, and should like to bring to your notice that on account of the new Petrol Restrictions there is great difficulty in selling same at the moment, and the price you are likely to realise would mean a great sacrifice. Under the circumstances, why not hold the same for a better market and in the meantime I will advance the highest possible amount. I am a private gentleman and am prepared to take your car as security for accommodation, to be repaid at your convenience. The interest I charge is the same as allowed by Act of Parliament to Pawnbrokers. The car remains your property, and should you be desirous of disposing of same while held as security, every facility and assistance will be given you to show your car to any prospective buyer. This will enable you to wait and obtain the highest market value. Sums of £500 and upwards will be charged at the rate of 10 per cent. interest per annum. Every transaction is treated with the utmost privacy. Distance no object.

We do not know precisely what little game Mr. Tanchan has in mind, but he seems to be rather an enterprising hand at it, whatever it is. In this case the fly does not propose to walk into the parlour of the spider, having natural suspicions regarding a person describing himself as "a private gentleman," but who nevertheless is a registered moneylender. Selling his car, the advertiser will probaby obtain current value for it, there or thereabouts; borrowing money at moneylending interest on it while Mr. Tanchan holds it as security for payment, is very bad business.

TOMMY'S BEER.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE WET CANTEEN.

Members of His Majesty's Forces who take a little beer "for their stomach's sake" may be interested in the following extract from Army Orders, dating from as long ago as November, 1898, and issued as an instruction to stewards in "wet" canteens, under the control of the Army Canteens Committee:—

> In the sale of malt liquors a surplus necessarily accrues in retail. This should be from 10 to 15 per cent., and is accounted for by froth, impossibility to completely fill the measure, presence of air in the liquor, and excess in the barrels above the number of gallons invoiced. Great care should be taken to ensure that the account reaps the full benefit due to this surplus.

Frankly, we do not like this regulation, which savours far too much of the sharp practice of a low-class beerhouse, and opens the door to all manner of abuse. Some time ago we gave details of the case of a canteen steward who resigned rather than water the beer, or give the systematic short measure, which the required percentage of surplus liquor necessitates. Now another steward informs us that he was dismissed from his employment by the Army Canteens Committee simply because he was unable honestly to keep the surplusage up to the required level. His experience is that even a 10 per cent. surplus involves considerable dishonesty in serving the troops, a scandal to which he declined to become a party. These are serious suggestions, and they gather weight from the fact that both our informants bear excellent credentials, having been employed for some years before the war in businesses in which honesty and sobriety are highly valued. In these circumstances, our present correspondent feels his position keenly, and we suggest that the Army Canteen Committee should revise this objectionable regulation so as to give their stewards a fair chance and "Tommy" a square deal.

QUEER CASE OF A WAR-WORKER.

IS "EVERY MAN NEEDED?"

A. G. Campbell, of 150, Campbell St., Riccarton, Kilmarnock, 25, married, and a letterpress machineman, was rejected twice under the Derby Scheme, but subsequently passed B2. Called up, he was placed in Class W, Army Reserve, for substitution. On February 9th last he received notice to report at a munitions works. He stuck the work—bricklaying—seven days a week for four weeks. He was then told to lend a hand in the nitrating sheds. Being subject to asthma, however, he was soon a victim of the fumes, and had to report unfit. The next day he was ordered to return to his old job. Then he was informed by the Labour Clerk that he must either go into the nitrating sheds or out of the gates. Campbell, therefore, called on the Pay Clerk and asked for his pay and Clearance Certificate. He was refused, the Clerk taking the line that he was not dismissed. At the Kilmarnock Labour Exchange he was told to obtain a medical certificate of unfitness and produce it to his late employers. He got the document, but the firm said he should take it to the Labour Exchange—where the officials referred him back to the firm. Then he decided to write and explain things to the Ministry of Munitions in London. After keeping well below the Devonport rations for a week he got the wages due to him, but was still refused a Clearance Ticket. He sprinted once more for the Labour Exchange. Here the Manager said that if he would hand over the Medical Certificate they would again communicate with the firm. The answer was that the firm's own doctor examined all workmen before admission to employment—whereupon he offered himself to their doctor again, but they refused that proposal. Then the Chief Investigating Officer of the Ministry of Munitions at Glasgow wrote to him stating that he had for the second time been reported for absence from work without leave, and asking for an explanation. He gave it—and since then, says he, "I have received no word about the matter, although I have called at the Labour Exchange every day." Why, at a time when the Government are shouting up and down every street in the land in about a thousand different voices that every man is needed, should any firm be allowed to treat men in this way?

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE REASON WHY.

FARMER (*cheerfully*): Marnin's keep coold, zur. Zoom zay as 'ow it be the Goolf Streeam flowing coold insteader hot. And I have heard tell as it's the firing o' the big goons in France ha' caused it.

PARSON: This backsliding generation will seize on anything but the right reason to deaden the still, small voice of conscience. (*Impressively.*) The cause of the long and bitter winter and late Spring is the sins of the people, my friend. It is God's punishment for religious indifference and neglect.

FARMER: It's main fine for the fruit crop. It's kep' the trees back vamous. I reckon theer won't be much blossom pinched by the frost this year. And it's killed off the insects something terrible. Give I a late spring, *I* zay.

PARSON: This bitter Spring, my friend, for all your fruit crop, is the Almighty's chastisement for Sabbath breaking. Sunday labour on the farms and allotments may not be undertaken with impunity.

FARMER: But we varmers have only been doing what the Gov'ment axed us tu du. We've gotter grow more food because o' they submarine varmints.

PARSON: I admit that the Government is largely to blame. But the edicts of kings and governments, principalities and powers, do not annul the Laws of Moses.

FARMER: Cows ha' tu be milked, 'osses fed an' watered, likewise the chicken an' pigs. Sure to goodness it *hain't* more sinful to grow a bit o' food for man on Sunday? D'you think we oughter set still all day Sunday an' let the Germans starve us?

PARSON: The Germans would not starve us, my friend. God would see to that. What we want is faith.

FARMER: D'you meanter zay if I set still on Sundays an' had faith, God 'ud feed my 'osses an' mix meal for my pigs?

PARSON: God does not forbid the necessary feeding of domestic animals on the Sabbath.

FARMER: Then I reckon He don't forbid the necessary growing of food for man on the Sabbath. Is it more sinful to grow food than to cook it?

PARSON: I'm afraid, my friend, your mind is too materialistic. Man does not live by food alone, you know.

FARMER: That's a fact. I allus did like a drop o' drink wi' mine. Well, mister, I git out here. Good-day, zur.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO CO. (Ltd).

The fifth ordinary general meting was held on Friday the 28th April, at Winchester House, E.C.

Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger presided. The balance-sheet showed that they had about £1,010,000 worth of liquid assets, compared with £890,000 a year ago, as against some £645,000 of liabilities, including the Debentures outstanding. The trading profit of £30,000 showed a decrease of something like £24,000, but in general charges there was a reduction of £27,000, so that on balance they were better off by some £3,000. To the balance of £210,000 must be added income from investments and interest received in London, and after deducting interest on Debentures, London office expenses, etc., the net profit amounted to £140,000. The arrangement made with the Debenture-holders had been that the amortisation of the Debentures need not be resumed until November next, but the directors had thought it right to resume the amortisation at an earlier date, in order to give the recipients of the money an opportunity of subscribing to the War Loan. In this connection they had taken from the profits £108,000, which represented the amortisation of £103,000 Debentures at 105 per cent. This figure had been dealt with in the balance-sheet by placing £25,000 to depreciation and using £78,000 in reduction of goodwill.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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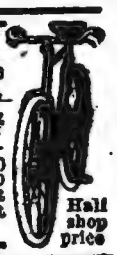

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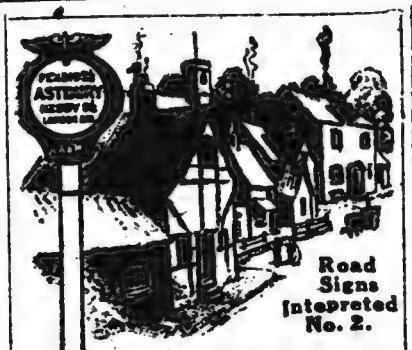

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

In the near future Charlie Hardcastle, the Barnsley miner, and Private Alf Wye will meet at the National Sporting Club in a contest for the Feather Weight Championship. They are vastly different. In Hardcastle we have one who in every way hits off his county to a nicety—short, square, dour, determined and strong; in Wye we have a boxer who, by comparison, is brightly polished, and fast and clever. The last time Wye boxed at the Club his opponent was Curley Walker. Never had he done so well, and by winning suggested that that section of the Army Service Corps which is quartered at Grove Park is made up of "all the talents."

The victory of Hardcastle over Billy Fanner, a product of the truly remarkable South Wales school, and which has led to the Yorkshireman being matched against the soldier Wye for the championship, points a moral. It is this: No boxer, no matter how high his capacity, can afford to tear weight off a few hours before he gets into the ring: Fanner could not go the distance—whereas Hardcastle's strength had not been sapped.

It would serve no good purpose to discuss whether the result would have been different had Fanner not been overweight. One must give every credit to Hardcastle for winning, and to Fanner and all boxers who find themselves in the same predicament I would say, "The risk of submitting to a sudden and unnatural reduction of weight is as great as it is obvious, and should not be undertaken. When a man comes to the scales he should know what he will weigh to a few ounces, else his training has served no good purpose."

After what we have read about the American, Fulton, and the assurances given that he was unquestionably the very man to meet Willard, his defeat by his fellow-countryman, Morris, was rather surprising. But what is still more astounding is the fact that the Dublin giant, Goffey, has drawn with Morris. Goffey, I may recall, some little time before the war had offered to him most generous terms to fight Wells at the N.S.C., but after saying he would do so did not materialise; so we were not permitted to have a look at him in action. He did visit this country in 1914, and at Olympia challenged the winner of the Gunboat Smith—Carpentier affair. Then he made his way back to America. I have followed his career closely, and I am bound to say that he is not, judging by the standard I would set up, a champion. The more one studies the form and performance of the big fellows in America, the more one is convinced that Willard is fortunate in holding the championship. When the war is over we shall have a real opportunity of finding out who is the best of the Heavies.

Willard I must congratulate upon the readiness with which he has offered to fight the Huns. Mike Gibbons, so I gather from Walter St. Dennis, who writes so well for the New York Press, is also all anxiety to shoulder a rifle. Fred Welsh, who some time ago became a naturalised American, sends me a copy of a letter he has sent to Governor Whitman, in which he offers his services and financial assistance in recruiting a sportsmen's regiment for overseas service; and from other sources also it is clear that American boxers will cut a gallant figure in the war.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BARNES AND MORTLAKE HERALD":—

"The toasts which followed a MODEST LITTLE REPAST were commendable for their crispness of submission, and reply, that of 'The Worshipful FASTER,' being ably proposed by the I.P.M."

"BRIGHTON ARGUS":—

"Why shouldn't we tie pretty blue ribbons around our cows . . . being content to draw on them for butter and EGGS?"

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"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—

"The return SNOOKER match between Ye Olde King's Head, Hagley Road, and City Stores, ended in a win for City Stores by four GOALS to two."

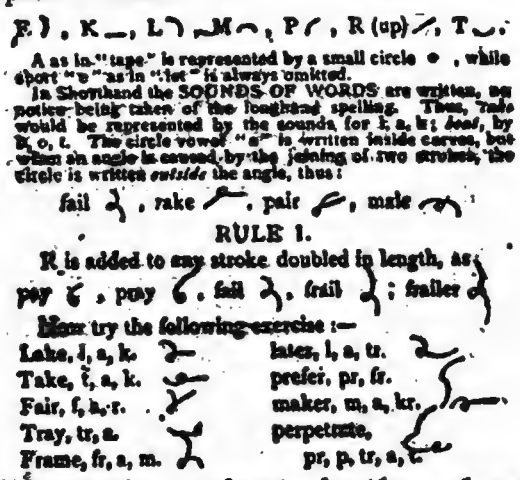
"THE ACCOUNTANT":—

"At 2 a.m. to morrow . . . all clocks must be PUT BACK ONE HOUR. Summer-Time will continue until 17th September next, when at 2 a.m. all clocks will be ADVANCED ONE HOUR."

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

EVERY reader is recommended to learn the new Dutton Shorthand, the simplest and highest speed system in the world. It consists of 29 characters and 6 rules only, and every person of average intelligence can master it in 18 hours.

The following is the first lesson, and if you can master it, you can become a fully qualified shorthand writer in a very brief space of time.


F, K, L, M, P, R (up), T,
A as in "tape" is represented by a small circle, while short "a" as in "fat" is always omitted.
In Shorthand the SOUNDS OF WORDS are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, "take" would be represented by the sounds for t, a, k; "boat," by b, o, t. The circle vowel "a" is written inside curves, but when an angle is caused by the joining of two strokes, the circle is written outside the angle, thus:
fail, rake, pair, male
RULE 1.
R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as:
pay, pray, fail, frail; frailer
Now try the following exercise:—
Lake, l, a, k.
Take, t, a, k.
Fair, f, a, r.
Tray, tr, a.
Frame, fr, a, m.
later, l, a, tr.
prefer, pr, fr.
maker, m, a, kr.
perpetrate,
pr, p, tr, a, t.

70 words a minute in three days.

A convalescent officer recently completed the theory in 2½ days. After practising a special phrase exercise, he took down a business letter bearing thereon at 70 words a minute. Dutton Shorthand writers are now accepted in all Government Offices.

FREE.—A comparison of the Dutton with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan and Gregg systems, particulars of the special postal course of tuition; particulars of the Day and Evening Classes held at the London Branch, 92 & 93, Gt. Russell St., W.C., (4 doors west of the British Museum), will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College, Room M, Skegness.

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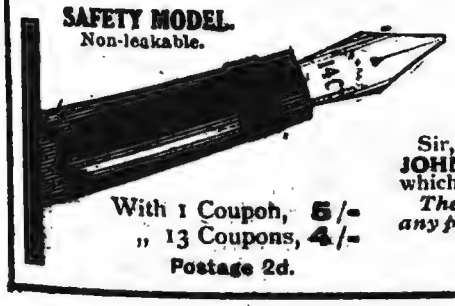

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Trinity College, Cambridge.
March 22nd, 1917.

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I am, yours faithfully,
(Dr.) GORDON CAMPBELL.

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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(May 5, 1917.)

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

The "Cornstalks'" Complaint.

The men of the Australian forces complain that when, after being wounded in France and sent to English hospitals, they are finally returned to training for the front again, their pay has accumulated, but upon asking for all, or a portion of it, they are refused. They naturally kick against this, but we can only comfort them with the information that they are suffering in company with our home Tommies. If they were workers in civil life they would have the benefit of the County Court; but the Army is a strange and powerful machine.

Where Economy is Practised.

We have received a sample of stuff that might be molasses, cattle food or decayed bride-cake. It is, however, served out in St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill, to sweeten the tea of the patients. The poor fellows further complain that they seldom, if ever, get fresh vegetables, their main fare being butter-beans and tinned meat. We hope to see an improvement.

Poor Hungry Tommy.

There is need for curtailment in the consumption of food, but Tommy works hard in the open and develops a ravenous appetite. In most camps his rations are cut down, he obtains meals that do not satisfy—and, thus until quite recently spent his miserable wages purchasing food. Now the dry canteen is closed to him, and an Order has been issued stating that if he buys edibles outside he is a criminal. We want to know from the War Council why they starve him in camp and threaten him with penalties if he "fills up" at his own expense. The well-fed chiefs of the War Office might, too, tell us why they forbid a soldier to enter a restaurant and pay for a much-needed meal out of his hard-earned and scanty pay.

Badgering the Battery.

There is a battery of artillery in the South of Ireland which, up to a few weeks ago, consisted mainly of men in categories "B" and "C." A travelling Medical Board inspected them, and passed the majority as "A2"—which means general service after training. An Order has now been issued that "No N.C.O.s or men in category 'A2' will be allowed to leave barracks until they have been passed as fully trained, and fit to take their places as 'A1' men." We fail to find in King's Regulations that any General or Commanding Officer has power to confine men to barracks because, on account of their health, they are unfit to take their places with men of the highest physical standard. We suggest that the G.O.C. in Chief in Ireland should look into the matter. As the men of the battery tell us, this treatment is weakening their martial ardour.

Military Cattle.

Men of the Royal Defence Corps at Bute Docks, Cardiff, complain that they are compelled to sleep in cattle-pens which some time ago were condemned by the Naval Medical Officers as totally unfit for human occupation. The old chaps have written to their Members of Parliament, but the hot-air merchants have made no move in the matter. We accordingly take this means of bringing it to the notice of the Director General of Medical Services.

"Killing No"—Manslaughter.

Last year a man who had suffered from gastric ulcers for ten years was called to the Colours. He explained his medical history to the doctor, and suggested that he was not fit for service. The medico replied, "You cannot teach me my business." After a few weeks' training the recruit collapsed, and was sent from one hospital to another until, in March last, he died. Perhaps if we suggested that somebody was guilty of manslaughter the bigwigs at the War Office would be annoyed; but we do emphatically say that—having by negligence, or otherwise, killed the man—the Government should grant a pension to his widow and two children, who have been left to sink or swim, assistance having been refused.

Sir Edward Acts.

We are very pleased to note that Sir Edward Carson, one of the keenest Ministers in the service of the country, acted upon our hint and visited the mine-sweepers. He saw and heard much, and was so impressed that he told the men that he "raised his hat" to them. He has come back to the Admiralty with some excellent ideas in his head, and the small-craft sailors may depend upon it that our efforts on their behalf will bear good fruit.

Diddling the Yacht Patrol.

When the men of the Yacht Patrol wrote to the Admiralty asking for separation allowance they were told that they could not have it, as they were receiving mercantile marine rate of pay. This is bunkum. The merchant seaman earns £3 10s. a week at present, whereas the man of the Yacht Patrol gets 30s. less. However, he must grin and bear it.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

MRS. T. B. (Chatham).—As your husband has served for between 12 and 18 years, he will get an extra 2s. weekly.

MRS. S. J. (Bristol).—Under the new scheme you are entitled to 5s. a week for your first child, 4s. 2d. for the second, and 3s. 4d. for the third.

MRS. W. W. (Belfast).—You should receive a gratuity up to £3 to meet the expenses consequent on the death of your husband.

"SAPPER" (Cheltenham).—For the loss of two fingers on your right hand you are entitled to a disablement pension of 5s. 6d. a week.

"BLIGHTY" (Denmark Hill).—Having lost both your legs, when discharged to pension you will receive 27s. 6d. a week.

T. G. A. (Barry Dock).—The pension granted to a man whose leg has been amputated at the hip is 22s. a week.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Broken by the System.

A young man was called to the Colours, seemingly in perfect health. After a few months' training he became consumptive, and was returned to civil life as not likely to make an efficient soldier. The poor fellow is now dying, and was in dire distress until particulars of his case were forwarded to us.

Another Victim.

A healthy man joined the Army and was discharged medically unfit, without pension. He had a wife and child, and could not work. The landlord was about to evict him when we set matters right.

Not Without Inquiry.

We have relieved, during the week, a number of soldiers' dependents who were ill, after having produced to us satisfactory evidence from medical officers and others. We have also helped to give decent burial to the uninsured children of our soldiers. We cannot assist where a child is insured, as our fund is very small, and our grants must be bestowed with the utmost care.

A Sad Case.

A woman lost her husband at the Front. Her only son was drowned through an ice accident. She was in a condition of great distress until she came to us.

One of the Old Brigade.

A man fought in the South African War, and when the call came joined up for the present campaign. He has now been invalided out, and was without money. The spirits of many of these veterans have, unfortunately, proved to be too big for their bodies.

A Letter of Thanks.

A soldier's wife writes: "Many, many thanks for your kind and timely help. Thanks to JOHN BULL'S Fund, the doctor has been paid and my child is now on the way to recovery."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

S. T. B., £2 2s.; J. D. M., £1; "A Parson," £1; C. G., 10s.; F. A. K., 1s.; K. S., 1s.; Mrs. K., 1s.; K. C. B., 5s.; A. H., 2s.; Miss N. C., 1s.; C. A., 1s.; J. P. (Napsbury), 2s. 6d.; E. R. D., 3s.; M. A. R., 2s.; H. T., 1s.; "Mimosa," 1s.; J. W. T., 6d.; T. J. H., £3 3s.; "Argyll," 2s. 6d.; B. W. H., 2s. 6d.; F. S. M., 10s.; E. R. S., £5; S. R., 4s.; "Ex-Soldier," 2s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F., 5s.; "Blighty," 3s. 6d.; J. J. H., 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. F., 10s.; "Araira," 2s. 6d.; "H. J.—In Memory," 5s.; M. A., £5; "A Comrade," 5s.; Messrs. Short Bros', Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 20s.; G. N., 5s.; K. O., £1; "An Anxious Wife," 2s.; "A Woman of England," 1s.; "Right Hand," 5s.; "31,185's Girl," 2s.; Mrs. M. D., 6d.; Mrs. T. G. R., 2s.; "Target Prize," 1s.; R. W. F., £1; "A Mite," 2s. 6d.; "Mauleagle," 10s.; "Agnes," 1s.; K. J., 5s.; "Soldier's Wife," 3s. 6d.; Miss A. A., 2s.; F. B., 2s. 6d.; T. R. S. (Nagore), 1s.; "Geo.'s Nancy," 2s 6d.; "Nat," 5s.; Miss M. B., 4s.; Mabel T., 3s.; E. H., 2s.; D. A. L., 1s.; C. L. B., 5s.; "Working Man," 10s.; J. W., 2s.; W. T., 8s.; Cpl. J. W., 1s.; Sgt. R. D., 1s.; J. W. C., 5s.; T. F. C., 5s.; J. B., 2s. 10d.; "Ivy Cottage," 1s.; O. H., 1s.; M. S., 2s. 10d.; L. S. R., 1s.; J. T. B., 1s.; "Sparks," 6d.; E. E., 6d.; Mrs. T. (York), 5s.; T. C. (Tamworth), 2s.; "Exempt," 2s.; "A Regular Reader," 1s.; "Mother, Husband and Myself," 6s. 6d.; C. F., £1; P. W. (Battersea), 1s.; A. H. (Otley), 1s.; "Conscience," 10s.; "Anti-Sinn Feiners," 4s.; R. A. K. (Dordrecht), £6; "Bert's Mother and Baby Jeanette," 6s.; H. J. H., 1s.; "A Regular Reader" (Bletchley), 3s. 6d.; "A Wellwisher," 5s.; D. J., 2s.; A. H. (Crook), 2s. 6d.; L. W., 8s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s; J. P. (W. Hendon), 5s.; Officers, Crew and Passengers on board s.s. *California* (per Capt. B.), £6 13s. 6d.; S. N. (Middlesbrough), 2s.; "Exile," 5s.; C. T. (Sydney), 2s.; "Ethel and Harold," 3s.; "Widow W." (Bristol), 1s.; A. G., W. C. and W. B., 2s. 6d.; Lieut. D. F. B., 1s. 6d.; Sapper S. H. (Egypt), 6s.; E. M. E. (Bath), 2s. 6d.; "Minesweeper 2,884," 1s.; "No 30,803 J. T.," 3s. 3d.; W. J. L. (Malton), 1s. 3d.; S. F., 1s.; "A Mother of a Tommy and Jack," 2s.; E. W. R. (S. Africa), 10s. 6d.; W. H. S., 3s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; B. McK., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; H. H. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; A. G. (W. Hartlepool), 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; L. G., 5s.; Mrs. M. C., 1s.; W. A. W., 5s.; "Rose's Point," 5s.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; H. B., 2s.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; H. T., 2s. 6d.; "Sympathy," 3s.; "Old Miner," 1s.; H. P. E., 5s.; "Anonymous," £20; J. W., 2s. 6d.; J. C. W., 2s.; Mrs. D. H. A. (Queanel), £2 2s and 7s.; Proceeds of "Swear Box" from No. 2 Sergeants' Mess, First Army Hdqrs., 5s.; "Farmer's Boy," 2s. 6d.; W. R. (Gokler's Green), 10s.; "Signal," 6d.; A. L. P., 2s. 6d.; W. J. C. (Conway), 10s.; "A Three Years' Reader," 6s.; B. A. B. (Hornsey), 2s.; A. R. E., 3s.; A. I. D., 30s.; G. C. (Burnley), 5s. 10d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Tran and Duddie," 2s.; Co. Cork, 1s. 6d.; "Old Residents" (Stratford), 1s.; Mrs. P., 1s.; Sergt. F. R. (Canterbury), 10s.; W. H. and G. B., 5s.; Mrs. R., 1s.; "A Few Pals at Curragh Camp," per W. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Walkerburn Reader," 5s.; A. P., 1s.; "A Halifax Reader," 3s.; J. E. C., 1s.

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"Nerve Power," The Nation's Need.

An Important Announcement to Every Person broken down by Fatigue, Worry, Illness, and Nerve Strain.

How to Build up the Nerve Centres with more Recuperative Power and Increased Vitality and True Blood Nourishment.

DISTRIBUTION OF LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLIES.

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of War, Anxiety or Overwork, then comes the problem of "Lost Nerve Power," and when the sure signs of Nerve Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is not only futile, but is often very harmful, for in this condition the Nervous System requires Nourishment and Strength, not Stimulation. A little reflection will convince the reader of the logic and common sense of this statement.

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation or semi-starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking such false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration, which in due course passes away, leaving him worse than before. The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves, and if you recognise yourself as being in this serious condition you cannot do better than take a course of the Muller Nutrient.

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc.

The Muller Nutrient, it may be mentioned, is not a secret remedy (the formula is at the disposal of any recognised medical practitioner); it is not a patent medicine, and it is not a "cure-all." Dr. Muller's Preparation is a highly concentrated Tonic Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon.

It has a marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion, and in convalescence after serious illness. The Muller Nutrient is essentially a Food—a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant. It feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

This remarkable preparation quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING.

By rebuilding and revitalising the Brain and the Nerve Centres in the ONLY NATURAL WAY, the Muller Nutrient is not only a most powerful antidote against Nerve Fatigue, but is also the one certain and NATURAL remedy for nervous affections of every kind.

Active brainworkers, who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for Continued Work, Brain Fag, and Cloudy Thinking, will find that Dr. Muller's Preparation will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Muller Nerve-Nutrient for distribution amongst sufferers from any nervous ailment. Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps. You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the Muller Nutrient will be sent you. It will enable you to commence to conquer your nervous trouble and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

"SIXPENCE" GIVES YOU A SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL.

With this week's trial course you will receive full directions for use, and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 555, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

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Established 1712.

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"My wife has derived great benefit from Hall's Wine; she was weak, run-down and depressed, but now seems quite a different woman," says a correspondent.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

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Proprietors, STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW.

707.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 13

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

J. H. S. (Southampton) and OTHERS.—Our recent "Cabinet" did not profess to be anything like an ideal Business Government, but was merely a suggestion for the improvement, in existing circumstances, of the present Ministry.

T. V. (Southport).—"Is America putting the German ships to sea? Not a yard!" Don't be so previous: Those ships have been laid up nearly three years. Probably their machinery has been ruined.

A. E. T. (Bristol).—"In the midst of our gloom, may JOHN BULL prove a beacon light." We'll prove all right, but why gloom at all?

"KITTY" (Sunderland).—"I saw you on the film. No wonder the flappers admire you. I could not help it myself." We do hope we shall not be kidnapped.

E. C. (Preston).—Yes, the House of Lords is still holding up the Traitor Princes Bill. Certainly this raises the suspicion of Germ[illegible]n influence at work.

S. [illegible]ghtcliffe). — There are many difficulties in the way of industrial conscription. We might be called upon to fight, by the military or otherwise, the organised trade unionism of the country in the midst of war. In any case conscription of industry would involve conscription of wealth. Are you prepared for that?

"DISGUSTED" (Boston).—"Can you tell me when we are going to have a real Food Controller?" Apparently when there is no food to control.

H. W. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Truth is, there are practically *no* jobs going under the National Service scheme. This is proved by the statistics.

"TOMMY" (N.Z.E.F.).—We are in full sympathy with your proposal that the interned Huns should be deported to Germany at the close of the war—as "undesirable aliens," of course.

"A SEAMAN" (H.M.S. ———).—It must certainly be very trying to be refused leave while "lying at anchor within touch of home." No wonder you think enviously of the German prisoners—but then who'd be a Hun?

F. H. (Blackpool).—Glad you read our recent "Candid Communication" to Lord Devonport. Between ourselves, we wrote it with the idea that someone might notice it.

"FIAT LUX."—As far as we know, no considerable body of workers have as yet "downed tools" because of the high price of beer. A few of them, we believe, have "downed" mugs, but the majority are still downing the contents. So cheerio!

D. G. (Dublin).—Because we are silent upon the Irish situation, it does not follow that we are oblivious of its perils. But we must give the "settlers" a chance.

S. B. R. (Glasgow).—Since all medical men of military age are to be called up for duty with the Colours, we see no reason why all fit parsons, ministers and curates should not also be drafted forthwith into the Army. If our civilian bodies are to be left to the tender mercies of elderly medicos, surely our souls can get along for the duration of the war without the ministrations of young and able-bodied priests.

"SOUTH SHIELDS."—"In one base there are first-class colliers lying there 12 or 14 weeks, not having seen their anchors since they put them down." Oh! for a ship-manager, not a ship-monger!

"SAPPER" (Newport Pagnell).—The sentence, "The unpreparedness of the Allies will redound to their eternal credit," was quoted from a book, and we did not intend to approve it. Knowing the Huns' nature, we ought to have been prepared, and we said so years before war commenced.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Tooting).—At present prices, the separation allowance for childless wives (16s.) who are not strong enough to go out to work is insufficient. But it is not the Government who force up the prices, but the scoundrelly profiteers, whom the Government seem scared to handle.

PTE. E. R. S. (Warwick).—We are not in the confidence of Mr. Thomas Edison, so cannot say what new and appalling inventions he may or may not place at the disposal of his Government to assist in the good work of annihilating Germans.

LCE.-CORP. H. (Aldershot).—Another three months' exemption for a single man, 27, who bangs the big drum on the stage, was a bit thick. He should Follow the Drum.

"ELEVEN SOLDIERS" (Suffolk Regiment).—Thanks for approval of our letter to Sir W. Robertson. Hope it will have effect.

"DISGUSTED" (London, W.).—"A German cook employed at the Rutland Court Hotel was remanded on a charge of stealing food." Rutland Court Hotel gets no sympathy from us.

W. P. (Fleet).—"Government is advertising for women for work on the land, milkmaids, &c. Yet there are tons of women and girls in the Government institutions at Farnborough." We must weigh them up.

W. W.—No need to be nasty and rude because "Mr. Palmer talks of women as petticoats." The term is a classic one, used by authors ever since Eve donned a petticoat of fig-leaves. We prefer to name those garments rather than the ones you indelicately indicate.

"FEEHOGUE" (Ireland). — "John Hart Brittain is more than an Indian explorer; he is a bit of an astrologist." To complete the tale of his accomplishments, he is also a bit of a liar.

BROTHER A., S.S.A. (Stoke Newington, N.).—We have extracted as abject an apology as it is possible to obtain from our printer for having erroneously made it appear that the late Father Russell was only 15 years at St. Alban's, Holborn, whereas the figures should have been 50.

G. K. (Ripley).—It is a Surrey newspaper that records somebody being summoned because of "six days which were dangerous and not under proper control." This confirms our faith in the safety of Sunday.

R. M. (Pontypool).—"What shall I give my husband to drink when he comes home from working before the furnace?" Repeat the dose he took on the way home. Don't mix it.

L.-CPL. C. E. (New Malden).—8d. for two cups of tea for two wounded soldiers! That Dairy Co. is in the profit-tea-ring!

C. A. (Hoxton).—A grocer who says "sold out of sugar," but supplies some a few minutes later when tea is bought, should be reported to the Controller, who would drop on him heavily.

"A MUNITION WORKER" (Manor Park).—You have had no bread for two days, because when you get to the shop at 7.45 it is too late, or they have none—and you want our advice. Tell your usual baker to leave a loaf with a neighbour.

P. M. (Penzance).—You may "venture to approach" us as often as you please, but we can discuss in these columns only matters of general interest.

H. C. (Leeds).—"Before using the remedy my head resembled a chicken after being plucked." A foul sight to be sure, and were *you* "plucked"?

R. M. (Jedburgh).—"If they want men, let them take fit ones." Exactly, and not ones that have fits.

"A FRIEND OF THE FIGHTERS" (Wells).—Our own view is that the parson who fights for his country discharges a religious as well as a patriotic duty. Think it out.

"H.M.S." (Devonport).—If you send in two "Bullets" coupons it is certainly possible to secure four prizes. Many competitors have won more than one prize in the same competition.

A. P. (Adelaide).—"Landlords would have no objection to children if parents would properly control them." There is something in that view sometimes, no doubt.

"SAFRICAN" (Lepton).—Anybody sending 8d. to Hughes for his trashy conjuring tricks, gets the rubbish he asks for.

"HOT FUEL" (S. Norwood).—It cost you only two stamps not to find out how to grow mushrooms! This recipe peddling is getting quite a nuisance.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY point out that they are not the firm who recently took on single men whilst married men with children were being discharged. We are sorry that a very close resemblance in name led to our attributing this to the wrong concern.

PTE. JOHN MCD.—"Smart chaps as sick berth stewards—jobs for women. I've been to France twice, and am old enough to be the father of such young men." Yes, we have our eye on them. Good luck to your gallant self!

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Manchester).—"Forgive me writing; it eases one's mind sometimes." If that's so, we would willingly read good women's letters all day and all night.

"LIGNUM VITÆ" (Leigh-on-Sea).—The corn-chandler who said there was nothing to stop him from selling wheat to feed poultry has probably changed his mind by now.

"DISGUSTED" (Braintree).—"Oh! the man power wasted in two small munitions factories! and oh! the new buildings where the men get in each other's way, or stand about doing nothing, and then go back at night for over-time!" Oh!

A. W. (Southsea).—"Immediately the dockyardsmen got their 5s. rise, the price of everything went up." We prophesied that, and are sorry it has come true.

"BRITISH JUSTICE" (Glasgow).—A soldier's wife, trying to exist on her small allowance, should be retained on a job in preference to a married woman with a husband earning good wages.

"CONSTANT READER."—Our publisher is tearing his hair. Tell him the names of the bookstalls, and all will be well.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

'BULLETS'—The COMPETITION for OLD and YOUNG.

2nd PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3rd PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 10th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(236) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 236, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write "COMPETITION" in top left hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 10th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(236) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 10th.

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(236) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 237. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 17th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **237** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 237**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 237.

THE LATEST TAX	GETTING FAT	A FASHIONABLE HABIT	TAKEN TO HEART
AMERICA'S START	A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT	FRENCH LEAVE	FINAL HEAT
THE BRITISH LION	SHY MISS	THE ALLIED POWERS	PINT OF BEER
NAILING HINDENBURG	THE LATEST ATROCITY	POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE	SUCCESSFUL MOVE
GERMANS AT SEA	FATHER LIKES	SOMETHING WRONG WHEN	THE KAISER EXPECTS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 236.

THE NEW BUDGET
BRITISH ADVANCE
WORKING FOR VICTORY
HINDENBURG WANTS
ON SHORT RATIONS
SEEING HER HOME
UNCLE SAM
RATED AND TAXED
IMPROVES WITH KEEPING
COMPLETE SUCCESS
CLIPPING HIS WINGS
WHEN TOMMY'S AWAY
DODGING THE TANKS
SEPARATE PEACE
BACK TO BERLIN
MAKING PACE HOT
GERMAN HOPES
RING OFF
INCREASING THE ALLOWANCE
LAZY MAID
RUNNING TO SEED
FATHER'S JOB
THE NEW MANAGER
CLEVER CHAP
SENDING FOR DOCTOR
NOT INDISPENSABLE
SHORT OF BRASS
PURCHASING CHEAP CAR
FIGHTING MEN
WHEN THE KAISER SLEEPS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—Short of Brass.
Bullet:—Most People After Holidays.

Example:—Father's Job.
Bullet:—Nobody Envies.

Example:—Lazy Maid.
Bullet:—Not On Munitions.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 26th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated May 5th.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 233 APPEARS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Result of 233rd 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

Mr. G. W. P. STRAIN,
Ellerslie, Coupar Angus, Perthshire.

Example :—WHEN KAISER PRAYS.
Bullet :—HYPOCRISY "APPROACHES" PERFECTION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. J. HAY,
11, Bond Road, Southampton.

Example :—HOARDING FOOD.
Bullet :—GOOD REASON FOR "APPREHENSION."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

Mr. A. J. SCOTT,
70, Constantine Road, Colchester.

Example :—WHEN FATHER DIGS.
Bullet :—"ACHING" FOR A CHANGE.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. D. JONES, Promenade, Mumbles, Glam.:
PEACE WITH HONOUR—EXPENSIVE—BUT WORTH IT.

ELSIE BARNETT, Fairholme, Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey:
AMAZING RUMOUR—JOBS FOUND—NATIONAL SERVICE.

Mrs. E. EVANS, 53, Dewsbury Rd., Dollis Hill, London:
GOING CHEAP—LIFE, BUT NOT "LIVING."

266986 L.-Cpl. NEGUS, Ward 22, Military Hospital, Catterick, Yorks:
KNOWING DOG—KNOWS "LENGTH OF CHAIN."

Mr. F. SAMPSON, 1, Church Road, Dolling Road, Hammersmith, W.6.:
MOST CURIOUS—SAVING DAYLIGHT-USING MOPE.

Mr. R. N. SAGER, Holmwood Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
WIFE'S RELATIONS—MAKE "PROFESSION" OF "CALLING."

Mr. W. BOYCE, Monckton, Gosport, Hants
ON THE HONEYMOON—"LOCKED" IN THE CARRIAGE.
(Sent on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss R. TAGGART, 10, Holywood Road, Belfast:
CONTINUING THE PUSH—MAKES GERMAN "WASTE MATERIAL."

Mr. N. FRANCIS, 2, St. George's Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea:
IN FULL FLIGHT—TIME DURING TOMMY'S LEAVE.

Mr. B. SALMON, 6, Aldboro Parade, North Strand, Dublin:
KNOWING DOG—WISELY AVOIDS "PROVOKING" ARGUMENTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mrs. W. MILES, 22, Wedgewood Street, Newton Heath, Manchester:
LAST KISS—INFANT WISHES EACH WAS.

Mr. A. E. LEWIS, 86, London Avenue, Portsmouth:
ACCORDING TO PLAN—AMATEUR'S GARDEN SELDOM "APPEARS."

Pte. O. C. FIELDING, 83323, R.A.M.C., Membland Hall, Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth:
LAST KISS—SOMETIMES HEARD BY MILKMAN.

Mr. G. W. RACE, Craighead S.O., Durham:
SPENDING TOO MUCH—THEN FATHER'S TIGHT.

Miss A. HATTEN, 5, Leg Street, Oswestry:
STARS AND STRIPES—LATE, BUT NOT LAMENTED.

Mr. H. YOUNG, c/o Orchestra, Hippodrome, Northampton:
AMAZING RUMOUR—SPECULATOR "MADE MUCH OF."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

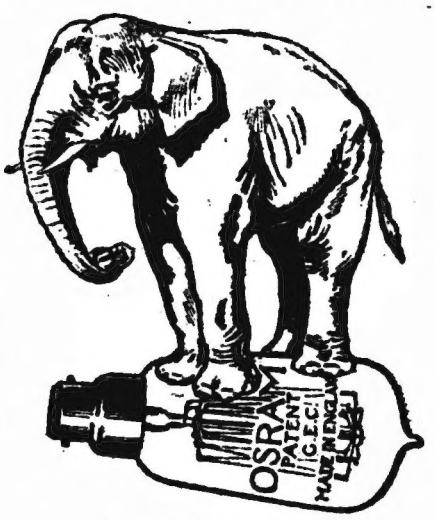
The Rev. R. E. GAVE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich:
PRETTY WISE—SELDOM WHIST-DRIVE PARTNER.

Mr. R. MATHESON, High Sanners, Morpeth, Northumberland.
WHEN KAISER PRAYS.
HIS "BEADS" ARE PERSPIRATION.

Mr. E. BOYS, Walgrave, Northampton:
ON THE HONEYMOON—MORE "SWEETS" THAN "BITTERS."

Capt. F. BEAUFORT, c/o D.B.O., Stanhope Lines, Aldershot:
POOR WORK—REPRISALS WITH GLOVES ON.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY COPY OF JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Miss ALICE JACOB, 107, Walterton Road, Maida Vale. April 7th. 357,663

Pte. ERNEST HOE, 7110, "B" Coy., 15 Army Corps Cyclists, B.E.F. March 10th. 880,940.

E. CLARKE, 17, Tennyson Street, Queen's Road, S. Lambeth. April 14th. 491,173.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 28th:—

026,255	319,808	598,008	894,400	A200,381
043,208	334,660	610,423	925,228	A234,538
089,675	352,070	645,617	962,535	A281,615
100,407	398,135	684,419	981,644	A345,406
123,655	423,657	699,050	A036,667	A375,389
167,184	446,575	753,406	A081,135	A432,272
215,114	487,867	784,543	A094,455	A466,133
239,371	503,792	817,735	A128,297	A514,686
278,998	557,596	833,370	A159,773	A531,572
290,366	579,207	870,135	A172,249	A550,030

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 9th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for April 28, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 274,116 and A004 084. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN or other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to our newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

May 5th, 1917.....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day (Strike out one of these.) May 5th, 1917

[a] Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....

Newsagent, of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme. ..... OR .....

[b] Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

SELL YOUR WASTE PAPER TO PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.,

Battersea, S.W.11.

PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION

Telephone: Battersea 2270 (4 lines).

LADIES':
Combinations
Stockings
Vests
Knickers
Spencers, &c.

MEN'S:
Socks
Vests
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The Hosiery that has superseded foreign makes

To capture the British market for cheap and inferior hosiery took the Germans many years. In less than three years the leading British manufacturers have succeeded by patient experiment in replacing foreign makes with Hosiery that is POPULAR-PRICED—but infinitely better in its wool-like finish, reliability, and long wear, than cheap foreign manufactures.

"Medea"
ALL BRITISH

Underwear, Stockings and Socks

for Ladies, Children and Men

are made and guaranteed by the Manufacturers of the world-famous "Jason" all-wool Stockings and Socks.
Medea Underwear is made from the best yarn and is fashioned to each size—not stretched. It wears long and is comfortable to the skin.
See this tab on every garment. Obtainable from Dealers and Outfitters everywhere. In case of difficulty write to W. Tyler, Sons & Co. Leicester

c/t

Nerve Strain and Indigestion.

Speedy Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Lord.

Mr. Frank Lord, 93, Stretford Rd., Manchester, the well-known professional violinist, says:—"Some years ago I had a bad nervous breakdown of which Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me, and I think it only right to tell others. I was in an extremely low, weak condition. My digestion was all upset, everything I ate caused me pain, and I was rarely free from headache. Sleeplessness was another trouble, and I became terribly depressed. In other words I had neurasthenia just as badly as anyone could have it. Ordinary treatment did no good at all, but at last, I am thankful to say, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of the cure. My digestion improved, and I gained strength. Best of all I could sleep and my nerves grew steady again. In the end I was completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Mal-Nutrition**
Nerve Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Wasting Diseases**
Spinal Weakness	**Kidney Disease**	**Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis	**Indigestion**	**Premature Decay**
Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Brain Fag.**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you want to know anything about the medicinal action of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, free of all charge or obligation, write to the Manager, Dept. C. 18, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

Dust

Dust, and the sudden cooling after strenuous exercise, are the two most prolific causes of summer colds.

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Fortify your system and avert trouble by keeping handy a box of Evans' Pastilles. Evans' Pastilles are an effective precautionary measure against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat.

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Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9370 (seven lines).

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